

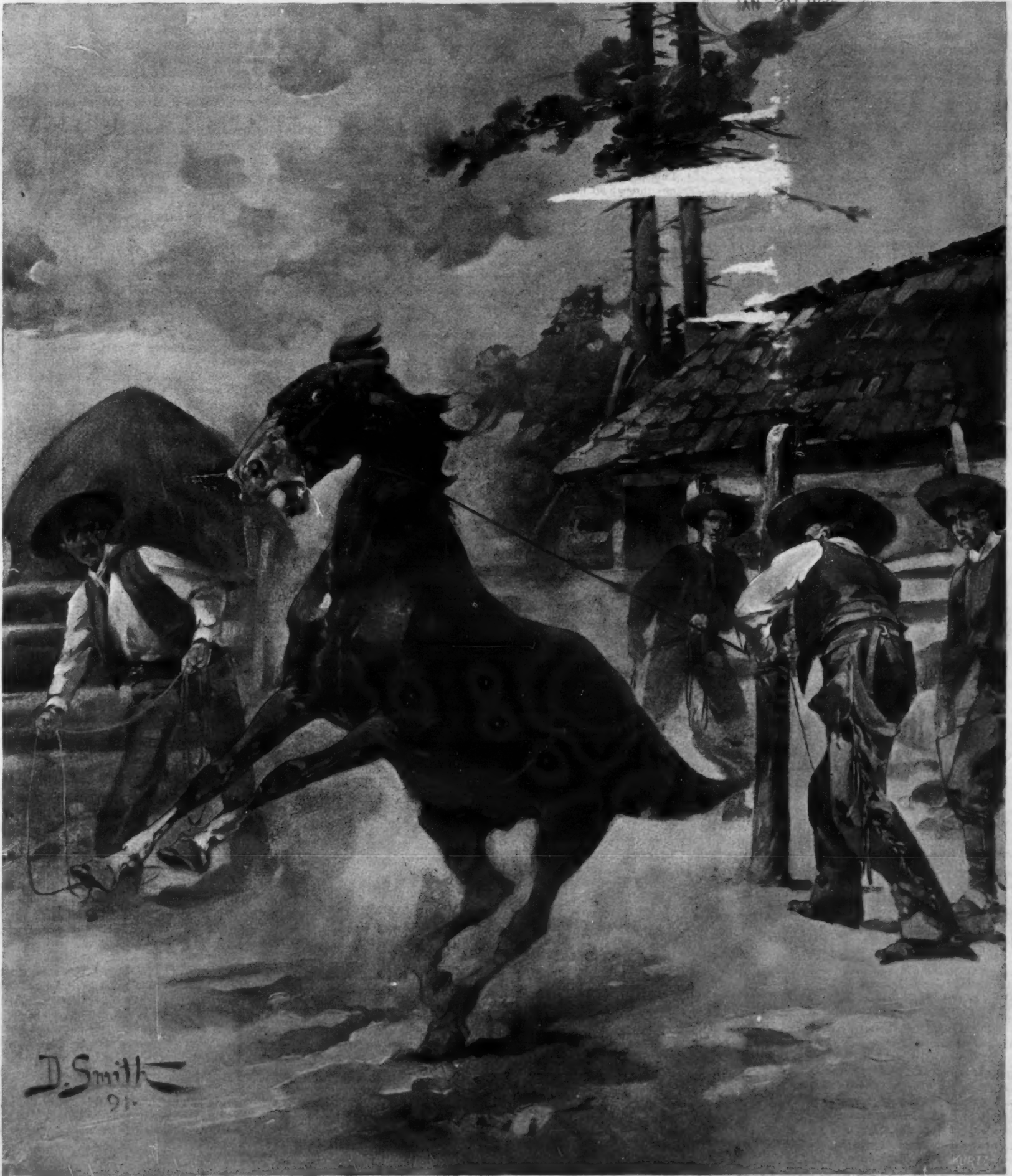
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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EFFECTS OF THE MEXICAN CRAZY WEED—COW-BOYS STRUGGLING WITH A HORSE MADDENED BY THE PLANT.—[SEE PAGE 430.]

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IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

THE publishers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY invite contributions from popular writers of fiction at home and abroad. They will pay the highest market rate for first-class short stories of from 35,000 to 4,500 words. All manuscript submitted will be promptly read, and if not accepted will be at once returned to the authors.

THE last of Professor Totten's series of articles on "The Coming Crisis" will appear in next week's FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, being crowded out of the present issue by the article of the Hon. A. S. Draper, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

OUR GRAPHOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE Graphological Department of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY is attracting wide attention. This department is in charge of a lady of rare intellectual qualities, especially educated by us for this purpose in Europe. With a view of employing her knowledge for useful ends, she will furnish a sketch of leading psychological traits to any reader of this paper who will supply at least twenty lines of handwriting, signed with his full name. The only condition is that such person must be a subscriber to this newspaper. All answers will be published once a month in our new colored number in the order in which they are received by the department. Communications will be strictly confidential, and should be addressed to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, Graphological Department, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. To each application must be attached the printed heading of the paper showing date line for the week in which the application is sent.

ATTENDANCE UPON THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE facts set forth in the first message of Governor Flower to the Legislature, touching the attendance upon the common schools of the State, are based upon figures supplied from this department, and I think are correctly stated. His comments upon these facts are remarkably lucid and pertinent, as coming from one not specially identified with the school work of the State, and the prominence which he gives the subject entitles him to the thanks of all interested in the work of the schools and the general welfare of the State. Indeed, his manifest interest in the subject, as well as his treatment of it, recalls the fact that the new Governor, like many other men who have risen to high position, was once a teacher in the public schools.

The aggregate attendance upon the public schools of the State has slowly increased in the succeeding years, but the increase has not kept pace with the advance in population.

The "school population" comprises all children between the ages of five and twenty-one years. This item in the calculation is determined by the reports of boards of education in the cities and of school commissioners in the country. The figures in their reports are undoubtedly estimated in some years, but an actual enumeration is frequently taken, and there is no reason to doubt that the figures are sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes. The "total attendance" comprises all children who come into the schools at any time during the year.

The reports show that in 1851 the "total attendance" comprised 75.6 per cent. of the school population. This percentage has constantly fallen off with surprising regularity during the intervening forty years. In 1861 it was 65.6 per cent.; in 1871 it was 68.4 per cent.; in 1881 it was 61.4 per cent.; in 1891 it was 57.8 per cent. This is a showing which must engage the attention of all thoughtful persons. There should be some explanation of it or there should be vigorous measures to remedy the growing evil of non-attendance upon the schools.

Is there any explanation? Are the circumstances as unfortunate as the figures indicate?

It should be said in the first place that the "school population," being all between five and twenty-one years, includes many children whose parents deem them too young to go to school and a great many more who have gone through the schools and commenced work. In other words, the statutory school age is both younger and older than the actual school age is, or ever can be, in the greater number of cases and is therefore misleading. This will indicate why the percentage is small, but not why it continually grows smaller.

The most ready suggestion which will be offered in explanation is the organization of church or parochial schools. This explanation seems to me inadequate. It will undoubtedly explain somewhat, but not fully. I am, of course, familiar with the extent to which the great Roman Catholic Church and some other denominations of Christians have felt impelled to organize schools under their own auspices. But it can hardly be said that the growth of these church schools has been sufficiently regular and uniform for forty years to account for the uniform falling off in the attendance upon the public schools during that time. Moreover, it must be said that non-denominational private schools

were much more common, and much more generally attended, in former years than now. While, therefore, it is undoubtedly true that the organization of church schools will account in some degree for the comparative falling off in the attendance upon the public schools, still it is but a partial explanation of the fact.

Another partial explanation may be found in the fact that records are more completely and correctly kept and statistics are more accurate than formerly. It is within the knowledge of all connected with the schools that very special attention has been given to this subject in recent years, with a view to more extended and reliable information upon which to base educational action. Figures are the result of investigation rather than of estimates much more generally than in former years, and the fact may place the later years in an apparent disadvantage when compared with the earlier ones. This, however, is no adequate explanation of the unfortunate fact to which the Governor calls the attention of the State.

There is no full explanation. The fact cannot be explained away. The statement that the attendance upon the public schools does not keep pace with the growth in population is true. It may be said with equal truth that the attendance upon public and private schools combined is not as great relatively as it was in former years. The reasons why this is so will appear to all who will inquire.

As cities increase in population the indifferent, unfortunate, dissolute, vicious, and criminal classes increase, not normally and naturally, but out of proportion to the increase in population. One thousand people living in the country will not have in their number as many persons who must be cared for, directed, and regulated in the interest of the common safety as one thousand persons living in a crowded city. This fact has vital relations to attendance upon the schools. Yet we have done little or nothing in the way of providing against it.

Again, there has been much legislation in recent years for the purpose of preventing the employment of children in factories and elsewhere. What is of more consequence, the State has provided the machinery for vigorously enforcing this legislation. Public officers, in the pay of the State, have traversed its territory through all its length and breadth, driving children out of employment. The employers of labor have been required to report the names and ages of their employes, and have been threatened with severe penalties for employing children below thirteen years of age. I agree with the wisdom of this policy, provided measures equally vigorous are taken for making these children go to school. If children are not to go to school they had better be at work. But while we have been driving children out of the shops we have done nothing to compel them to go to school.

When I say that we have done nothing to compel children to go to school it is perhaps necessary to add that I do not overlook the efforts, measurably successful, to enforce the truancy laws or regulations in the cities of New York and Brooklyn. It is perhaps surprising that so much has been accomplished there under such disadvantageous circumstances. Yet, practical experience shows the residents of these great cities how inadequate these efforts are to the necessities of the case. Elsewhere, throughout the State nothing is being done. And practical experience everywhere shows that the streets are full of children when the schools are in session. The school statistics upon this point are sufficiently proved by common observation.

All persons who are at all informed as to the administration of schools now know what are the essential principles which must be incorporated into any compulsory-attendance law before it can be effectually executed, and they know also that a law embodying these principles cannot execute itself. Our own failures and the successful experiences of other nations have at least taught us so much.

The leading constitutional governments of Europe pass elaborate laws, appoint many officers, and spend large sums of money to make sure that children go to school. All children between six and thirteen years of age are required to be under instruction at home, in a private school, or in a public school, whenever the public schools are in session. Parents and guardians are held responsible for the care of the child and are required to keep him under instruction. Uncontrollable and incorrigible children are provided for in special institutions. The law sets up the machinery for securing a perfect census of children of school age, and provides for the appointment and payment of officers who must account for every child and execute every provision of the law. Under such a system the habit of attendance becomes fixed, and attendance becomes prompt, regular, and universal.

Eighteen years ago the State of New York passed a compulsory-attendance law. It is a dead letter. It has never been executed. It is incapable of execution. No proper provision was ever made for its execution.

For four or five years, substantially if not quite all the persons engaged in the public educational work of this State have been urgently demanding the enactment of a compulsory-attendance law which would compel. They have been substantially agreed as to details. They have not been disposed to have controversy over non-essentials. They have been opposed to any new legislation which would not accomplish the end in view. But they have been anxious to support any measure which gives promise of accomplishing what it undertakes. They have no disposition to annoy or harass anybody, but they believe that an elementary education is the right of every child in the State, regardless of his home circumstances or the inclinations of his parents, and that it is the business of the State to see that he gets what belongs to him.

Many times in recent years have the educators of the State been before the Legislature in behalf of a measure which would reverse the figures to which the Governor calls attention, and they will hail with special satisfaction the influential and authoritative word from the executive chamber in behalf of a course which is needed to make the citizenship of the State safe, and which alone can gain the end for which the public schools exist, or justify the theory upon which they are supported.

I have left no room to fully consider the large increase in the cost of maintenance of the public schools of the State, to which Governor Flower also calls public attention.

The public-school establishment of New York in 1850 cost less than \$2,000,000 per annum; last year it cost \$18,000,000. This includes all amounts raised both by general and local taxation. Of this sum \$3,500,000 was raised and distributed by the State.

Has this great increase in cost been improvident or unreasonable? By what standard shall we determine this question?

The annual cost of educating each child in the public schools is greater than it was thirty or forty years ago. So is the cost of feeding and clothing him. His family lives in a better house, eats better food, wears better clothing, has more comforts and conveniences, more things which go to make the most of him and better qualify him for usefulness to himself and to others. Why should not the cost of educating him be permitted to be more than it formerly was?

The corner-stone principle of the public-school system is that all the property of the people shall educate the children of all the people. How many times has the wealth of New York multiplied in these last forty years? In 1850 the real and personal property upon which taxes were raised was \$727,000,000; in 1890 it was \$3,683,000,000. How our corporate capital has increased in that time! How our railroad mileage and earnings have increased! How our commercial enterprises and mechanical industries have thrived in that period of time! We are able to have good schools, cost what they may. The people want them, cost what they may. They only want to know that the schools do not cost more than need be, or, in other words, that they get the worth of their money.

In what items has the cost of the public schools advanced? In the cost and care of property more than any other. Yet is our school property any better than it should be?

We have 32,000 teachers in the public schools of New York. We have no more than need be. We paid them \$11,000,000. It seems a large sum. It only averaged \$12.18 per week each. This is not very munificent compensation.

The whole high-school system has been developed in the period of time we are considering. It is responsible for a very great increase in the cost. Some of us may think it is getting more than its share of attention and resources, yet we would not be disposed to give it up.

The cost of public education in New York last year was \$2.99 per capita of total population. In Prussia it was \$1.77, and in France \$1.36. Remembering that attendance is universal and regular there, while it is not here; remembering the greater purchasing power of money there; remembering that all classes of labor are paid twice as much here as there, the comparison is not at all unfavorable to New York. The striking fact is that Prussia is educating all her children, while New York is educating only a portion of hers.

Yet the school system is not perfect. It is still in a crude and unsettled state. Its different parts may be more closely related together, and the whole may be more economically administered. This may be done not only without injury but with great advantage to it. It can only be done by using the world's experience as our guide, and taking the most thoroughly considered and courageous general action. In this the Governor of the State may be a most important factor. It is exceedingly gratifying that he seems disposed to bear a hand at it.

A. S. Draper

State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

THE *Western Paper Trade*, a journal devoted to the interests of paper men and published at Chicago, makes the statement that a pulp mill is shortly to be erected in Memphis for the purpose of making lint from cotton-seed hulls. A large amount of this lint, which is taken from the closely-ginned hulls, has been sent North, and its value is admitted by paper-makers. There is, however, and has been for some years, a controversy as to whether paper stock should be made from the whole hull by dissolving it, or whether it is more economical to take off by mechanical means the lint from the hull and leave the boll to itself. To the uninitiated the latter seems to be the more profitable method; but it should be remembered that the hull of the cotton-seed contains within it a large amount of potash, the very element which assists in its own dissolution. For instance, cotton-seed hulls can be cooked by three degrees strength Baumé of caustic soda, whereas it takes from eight to eleven degrees to cook even the most easily disintegrated kind of wood, namely, poplar. The time of treatment is also not over five hours against about ten hours for wood. In fact, the cotton-seed hull is like the scale of a fish, and when it is treated becomes pure cellulose. It is absorbent to a wonderful degree, and should largely enter into the manufacture of blotting-paper, even if blotting-paper cannot be made entirely from it. The cotton-seed hull pulp can be so treated that it is either harsh or soft, and can be utilized in all the branches of the art where cotton is used. In these days the use of wood has deteriorated everything, so that in the finer publications we must again go to the extreme and use cotton only. It also can be used to advantage in the manufacture of postal cards. The publishers of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY have seen some very handsome specimens made from it. The specimen postal cards made from it had great strength, and were entirely free from that blotting quality which is the special characteristic of the present postal card. The postal card when it first came into use was susceptible of many improvements; but the Government, in its desire to obtain cheaper cards, has also largely destroyed its usefulness. Before penny postage comes let there be a first-class postal card.

Every man who has traveled in the South has been impressed with the annual waste of several hundred thousands of tons of cotton-seed hulls, and it is a pleasure to record that steps are now being taken to utilize this waste. Those who are most deeply interested in the welfare of the South do not care by what method the best result is obtained, so long as it is obtained.

Cotton is a great factor, and it is interesting to note what will be the effect of this hull seed when transformed into a mighty power, assisting in the education of the ignorant and sending its blessings broadcast throughout the land.

A REPUBLICAN TAMMANY HALL.

DOES New York City need a Tammany Hall? Strange and paradoxical as it may seem to the reader, the question is naturally asked, Does the Republican party in New York need a Tammany Hall? Does it need a close and compact organization which shall freely admit and allow every one the right of representation? Can the great and growing Democratic vote of New York City be met with an equally increased Republican city vote when the country districts fail to respond with enormous majorities? If not, is there any hope of carrying New York State? Are the workers at the polls to be recognized only on election days and forgotten the rest of the year? The Union League Club is well enough; it has served and is serving a noble purpose. But the poor and socially unambitious do not cross its threshold. In Tammany Hall we see all grades of society represented.

Could there not be a Republican Tammany Hall, managed by purer citizens and controlled by higher motives? The Republican party in New York City can only be built up by organized and continuous effort, and it is a lamentable fact that there is now no really efficient, unselfish party organization in the metropolis.

AMERICA'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

THE United States enjoys an opportunity to-day that has never been equaled since the Declaration of Independence. It is true there have been times when the condition of Europe, as after the battle of Waterloo, offered occasions for our commerce which, if utilized, would have resulted greatly to our profit, but generally, as at the time above referred to, we were in no condition to take advantage of the situation.

There is one little strip of land in Europe, not as large as one of our counties, which now causes an expenditure of men, money, and labor that even the continent, accustomed as it has been to war, has never appreciated or equaled in the past. In 1869 the peace footing was 1,824,000 men for the six great European Powers; these increased in 1888 to 2,515,000; and, according to the new laws augmenting the armies of the different countries, there are now five or six times this number of men liable to call by their respective governments. It is easy to understand how the producing force of a country is diminished by such a drain as this. It is not merely the support and equipment of this force which costs; there is that other important fact that the system which taxes the treasury to so great extent at the same time entails loss and waste by drawing the thought and invention of the people from art, commerce, and manufacture to the one absorbing theme of arms.

The hundreds of millions that are annually spent in improving fortresses, means of defense, as well as providing more destructive weapons, withdraw just so much from the commercial and agricultural wealth of the nations. The effects of this burden are not as fully felt now as they will be if this state of things shall continue. It really seems as if the old Latin proverb, "*Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat*" is being illustrated by these seven great Powers as an object lesson for the United States. That all Europe is mad is proven by the warlike condition of the great Powers. That financial ruin is before them is demonstrated by a glance at the following figures:

Countries.	Debt.	Interest.
France.....	31,000,000,000 francs	1,336,000,000 francs
Russia.....	18,028,000,000 "	1,038,000,000 "
England.....	17,829,000,000 "	737,000,000 "
Italy.....	11,131,000,000 "	532,000,000 "
Austro-Hungary.....	9,288,000,000 "	389,000,000 "
Germany.....	8,954,000,000 "	377,000,000 "
The other 15 European States.....	20,882,000,000 "	934,000,000 "
Total.....	117,112,000,000 francs	5,343,000,000 francs

The rate of interest per capita in each country, and the military budget of each, is as follows:

Countries.	Interest-rate.	Amount of Budget.
France.....	32.75 francs \$6.54	859,000,000 francs per annum
Italy.....	17.50 " 3.38	559,000,000 " " "
England.....	16.25 " 3.17	740,000,000 " " "
Austro-Hungary.....	13.75 " 2.66	342,000,000 " " "
Germany.....	7.50 " 1.35	542,000,000 " " "
Russia.....	10.00 " 1.93	982,000,000 " " "
United States.....	4.00 " .77	200,000,000 " " "
Turkey.....		200,000,000 " " "
Spain.....		200,000,000 " " "
15 other States in Europe.....		334,000,000 " " "
Total.....		4,728,000,000 " " "

The effective force in peace and war in the years stated was as follows:

Countries.	In 1869.		1887-1888.	
	In peace.	In war.	In peace.	In war.
England.....	180,000	450,000	220,000	600,000
Austro-Hungary.....	190,000	750,000	290,000	1,500,000
France.....	404,000	1,350,000	510,000	2,700,000
Prussia and N. G. Confederation.....	380,000	1,300,000		
Russia.....	550,000	1,100,000	840,000	1,100,000
Italy.....			175,000	2,300,000
Germany.....			480,000	2,000,000

Since the new laws have gone into effect the armies have been considerably increased. Their strength last March, as given in the "*Almanack de Gotha*," as well as the maximum available force under the latest military laws, are stated below:

Countries.	Armies.
England.....	1,300,000
Austro-Hungary.....	3,000,000
France.....	8,000,000
Italy.....	3,000,000
Germany.....	6,408,000
Russia.....	6,506,000

Countries.	1891.	
	In peace.	In war.
England.....	388,000	825,242
Austro-Hungary.....	354,000	2,300,000
France.....	547,000	4,190,000
Italy.....	382,000	2,382,000
Germany.....	607,000	2,868,500*
Russia.....	706,800	2,400,000

These figures show the golden opportunity which opens before this country in the fields of commerce and manufacture.

* This statement does not include the *Landsturm* or home guard, which is about equal to the *armée territoriale* (1,700,000 men) of France, included in the total above given of the effective war force of that country.

Unrestricted by these heavy burdens, with agricultural resources broadening and extending every day, making our food supplies not only sufficient for home consumption, but ample to supply all the demands of the Old World; with a future unmenaced by political complications, and bright with assurance and hope; with raw material for almost every kind of manufacture at our hand, and a natural ability that is able to meet almost any requirement, there is no reason under the sun why every European market should not, in a short time, be supplied not only with American meat, corn, breadstuffs, and cotton, but also with the products of our American manufactories.

The great failure of the wheat crop on the continent, together with the opening of the markets to American meats, have already given a great impetus to foreign trade; and when the Black Sea closes, as it will very shortly, it is very probable that the United States ports will be crowded to a still greater degree by tramp vessels seeking cargoes of food. For the interests of American commerce it is to be hoped that the favorable conditions now afforded will be so improved, and that American shipping will receive such an encouragement, that the United States may achieve the full measure of good fortune which is now within our reach.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

SOME five weeks ago this paper appealed to the New York Republican State Committee to look sharply after the supervisors' elections this spring. The *Tribune* and other papers are strongly echoing the appeal, but we do not hear that the committee is doing anything in the matter. The Democracy, however, are active all along the line.

INDIGNATION meetings are like prosecuting the thief who has stolen your money and spent it; it gives vent to righteous indignation, but does not bring the money back. Had the Republican committee-men who are now so indignant over the robbery of certain Senatorial seats shown greater activity before election and worked up a good Republican Legislature, as they might have done, these robberies and the consequent lamentations would have been unnecessary.

THAT terrible McKinley bill has just caused a large manufacturing firm in Manchester, England, to move its whole plant to Fall River, Mass., where a building is now going up eighty feet by two hundred for the manufacture of hardware. Is it not simply atrocious—Americans making their own fine hardware, giving their own workmen employment at high wages, increasing the wealth and happiness of the people, all on account of that detestable measure!

WE are officially informed that both the discoveries of our Alaska expedition, Lake Arkell and Lake Clark, have been placed on the large map which is to accompany the Alaska census report of Mr. Ivan Petroff. Mr. Petroff was charged by the Government with the taking of the census on Nunivak Island in the Behring Sea, and a very interesting article from his pen, accompanied by copious illustrations, will shortly appear in our columns. His experience was altogether unique, and the discoveries made by him have a special interest.

IT is interesting to learn that the people of Kansas are petitioning Congress to pass a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in the District of Columbia. This attempt can hardly be said to be in harmony with our ideas of local self-government. It may be doubted whether Congress will be willing to impose prohibition upon its own members as well as upon the general population of the District at the mere request of citizens living some thousands of miles away. Such a law would no doubt be a good thing for the District of Columbia, but we suspect that it will not be enacted until the people themselves ask for it.

THE frequent complaints regarding the offensive practices of customs officials in examining the personal effects of passengers on incoming European steamers have led to a proposition that the examination of baggage shall hereafter take place on the steamer before its arrival at the American port for which it is destined. The adoption of such a policy would certainly remove many of the annoyances to which passengers are now exposed, and would largely expedite the movements of travelers who, under the present system, are frequently detained unnecessarily. It is to be hoped that the inquiry which is now making in the matter will show the proposed change to be feasible.

THE Alliance Senator from Kansas is already distinguishing himself by the introduction of preposterous bits of legislation in the interest of unfortunate humanity in general. Among other bills introduced by him in the Senate is one which proposes that the Government shall issue a loan of one hundred million dollars to the people of Indiana. Treasury notes to this amount are to be loaned on mortgages, each recipient to give a promissory note for the amount of his loan. The Senator justifies this proposed legislation on the ground that the people of Indiana are borne down by the burden of enormous interest charges, made possible by the scarcity of money, which he attributes to legislation favorable to the money kings and hostile to the wage-earner. Of course this bill will never get out of the committee to which it was referred, but the fact that it could be introduced by the Senator of a great State affords a curious illustration of the extent of the delusion which lies at the basis of the Farmers' Alliance.

THE advantages of railways and their influence upon the prosperity of a country were effectively presented in the statesmanlike speech of the Mexican Minister at the recent annual banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association. M. Romero, discussing the extension of the railway system in the country, said that in the last fifteen years, only six of which embrace the railroad era, the foreign trade and revenue of Mexico have increased over one hundred per cent. A still more significant fact is that the trade of that country with the United States has increased in much larger proportions, having grown from seventeen millions in 1873 to sixty-two millions in 1889, and this wonderful growth, accord-

ing to M. Romero, is "but the beginning of the era." The building of roads in that country being only fairly begun, it is fair to assume that with a full utilization of the existing possibilities of internal improvement there will be, at the same ratio of progress, a practically limitless trade development. M. Romero supplemented his statements as to the results of railroad enterprise by an appeal for American capital in the establishment of manufactories and the operation of mines and of other enterprises in Mexico, which would be found mutually profitable. There can be no doubt that with the extension of the means of communication the commercial development of Mexico will rapidly increase, and it will be surprising if, being the immediate neighbor of that republic, and intimately connected with it by lines of railway, we do not share predominantly in the benefits resulting from this development.

THE information comes from California that a stock company has recently been organized with a capital of ten million dollars for the purpose of establishing a Monte Carlo gambling-resort on a small island about thirty miles from Santa Barbara, off the California coast. The island, it is said, will be fitted up with magnificent appointments, and gambling will be carried on with even more luxurious surroundings than those which lure so many unfortunates to ruin at Monte Carlo. The curious information is added that most of the capital for this monstrous enterprise has been furnished by New York men. This is possibly incorrect, but there can be no doubt that the metropolis has a good many capitalists who would be quite willing to invest their surplus in any paying enterprise, no matter how immoral its character. The gambling spirit seems to be making head, notwithstanding all the efforts at repression; but a proposition like that here referred to certainly strikes one as peculiarly defiant of sound morals and the best public sentiment.

IT turns out that the Behring Sea dispute is not, after all, to be submitted—as was supposed—to immediate arbitration. The proposition to that end appears to have been defeated by the interference of the Canadian authorities, who, desiring to prevent a settlement, insisted upon the right to name one of the arbitrators. Influenced by this interference, Lord Salisbury demanded that the number of arbitrators should be increased from three to five, and subsequently asked that two more be added. The President acquiesced in the first of these propositions, although it seemed to be in pursuance of a policy of delay, but the last has not been as yet accepted, and it now looks as if no decision will be reached until after another season. Meanwhile the destruction of the seals will go on, a fleet being now about ready to sail from San Francisco. It is stated by the treasury officials who have made an official investigation of the fisheries in Alaska, that during the past season the poachers captured 50,000 and killed 400,000 seals. Nearly all the skins were taken in the open sea, in utter contempt of our rights. It is feared that the coming season will be marked by even greater ravages than those to which these statistics relate. It is a little surprising that Lord Salisbury should be willing to acquiesce in the obstructionist policy of the Canadian Government, which alone prevents an amicable adjustment of the whole controversy.

IT is so seldom that women enter the field of historical research that the presentation of a paper by Mrs. Lee C. Harby, at the recent annual meeting of the American Historical Association in Washington, was an event of more than ordinary interest. Mrs. Harby, who is well known to the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY, has been for some time a contributor on historical subjects to leading journals, and she was elected to active membership in the association as a recognition of her excellent work in that particular field. The paper prepared for the recent meeting, and read by a friend, owing to her illness, related to the "Earliest Texas," and was the result of laborious search among the registers and records kept by the Franciscan friars in the old missions of Texas, to which she was able to gain access through the kindly intervention of the church authorities of San Antonio. Mrs. Harby's contribution is said by those who were permitted to hear it to be at once highly entertaining and valuable. She has been warmly complimented by many of the leading members of the society for the exhaustive character of her work. The paper is now in the hands of the Government, and will appear in the official report of the proceedings of the Historical Convention. At the same time the Smithsonian Institute will bring out a bibliography of the writings of all the members of the association. It is somewhat rare to find the poetic instinct combined with a love of historic research, but Mrs. Harby seems to combine in an eminent degree the critical with the imaginative faculty.

JUDGING from the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Connecticut in the gubernatorial contested-election case, ex-Governor Hill can hardly be supposed to have as much influence with the judiciary of that State as he seems to have with the judges of his own. The points involved in this controversy were fully set forth in a recent article in this newspaper. The ground of the Democratic contention was that Governor Bulkeley was not entitled to hold the office of Governor for the reason that at the last election the Democratic candidate had received a clear majority of the votes cast. The Republicans held that many legal votes had been rejected, and that there had been no election by the people. The two houses of the Legislature were unable to agree as to a count of the returns, and as the constitution of the State provides that no man can be Governor until duly qualified by the General Assembly, and that a Governor must hold office until his successor is so qualified, Governor Bulkeley refused to abdicate. The court decides now, unanimously, that he is not only lawfully but rightly maintaining his office as executive of the State. It will be remembered that Governor Hill refused to honor a requisition of Governor Bulkeley for an offender against the laws of that State, on the ground that the latter was an usurper. This, of course, was simply a bid for popularity among the Connecticut Democrats. Now that the court has decided otherwise the ex-Governor is left in a ridiculous plight, and is likely to lose more than he hoped to gain by his ostentatious demagoguery.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER.

THE Paris "République Illustrée," speaking of the promotion of M. Patenôtre as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, says he is one of the most prominent and best-known diplomatists of the French foreign service. As Minister Plenipotentiary, he signed the Tonkin treaty of Hue in 1884, and the treaty of Tien-Tsin in 1885, which put an end to the hostilities between France and China. He has served in succession as Secretary or as Minister to Greece, Persia, Argentine Republic, Sweden, and Morocco. From 1888 up to the date of his transfer to Washington he occupied the Legation of Tangiers, which has a very great importance for France on account of the proximity of Algeria.

M. Patenôtre is about forty-five years of age, a bachelor, and a gentleman of distinguished and commanding appearance. He is described as "agreeable and approachable," and is likely to be popular, both socially and officially.

In 1887 M. Patenôtre had conferred on him the decoration of Commandeur de la Legion d'Honneur.

SENATOR HILL.

THE entrance of ex-Governor Hill into the United States Senate was characteristically spectacular. His arrival at the capitol was duly heralded, so that some fifty members of the House had gathered to welcome him at the door of the Senate; and upon his going to his seat—which is that formerly occupied by General Wade Hampton—he found it profusely decorated with roses. Following the precedents set for such ceremonials, he was escorted to the desk of the Vice-President by Senator Hiscok, who formally presented him for the administration of the oath of office. After the performance of this ceremony and his return to his seat he was surrounded by Democratic Senators and the members of the House, who waited to be presented. The ex-Governor carried himself with his usual *sang froid*, and was quite the lion of the hour. Our picture on this page shows him at the moment he is about to take the oath.



MONS. J. PATENÔTRE, THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

PHOTO BY F. VIANELLI, VENICE.

cannot elect a Democratic candidate, not even David B. Hill. For that reason, if no other, the Democracy will not nominate the adroit politician as its leader."

Senator Hill has been assigned to the committees on Immigration, Territories, Interstate Commerce, and Relations with Canada. So far the Senator has not made any demonstration in the Senate, but he is understood to be industriously engaged in organizing his Presidential boom, and it is quite safe to assume that he will not lose any opportunity to advance his personal interests. It cannot be said, however, that he is making much progress in some quarters where he has probably hoped to gather strength. Many of the leading Democratic journals of the South continue to speak of him in most disrespectful terms, and it is obvious that the outlook for delegates in Georgia, the Carolinas, and the great border States is by no means favorable. In Missouri all the influential party newspapers are against him. One of them speaks of him in this fashion—expressing apparently what is the sentiment of practically all the party leaders in the State: "David B. Hill can defeat a Democratic candidate for President. He has had some experience in that line. But he cannot elect a Democratic candidate, not even David B. Hill. For that reason, if no other, the Democracy will not nominate the adroit politician as its leader."

EFFECTS OF THE LOCO WEED.

THE loco weed (*Astragalus Hornii*) is the curse of the Southern rancher. In the early spring, before the healthful grasses are growing in quantity, the Southern plains are dotted with the small flat bushes of this noxious plant, and the cow-boys have to exercise their utmost vigilance to keep their horses and cattle from eating it. The plant obtains its local name of "loco weed" from the Spanish word *loco*, meaning crazy, from its effect on the animals. Any grass-eating animal that has eaten much of the loco becomes thoroughly worthless for the rest of its days. The only cure is prevention. There is no antidote, the most careful chemical analysis failing to reveal the reason of its baleful effects, and thus giving the veterinary no clew to work upon in his attempt to cure. The actions of a "locoed" animal are pitiful in the extreme. He will spring wildly into the air strike head, neck, or hoofs against any convenient object regardless of consequences; drink imaginary water out of imaginary brooks, etc. The picture on the first page, sketched from life, gives a vivid idea of the effects of this destructive plant.

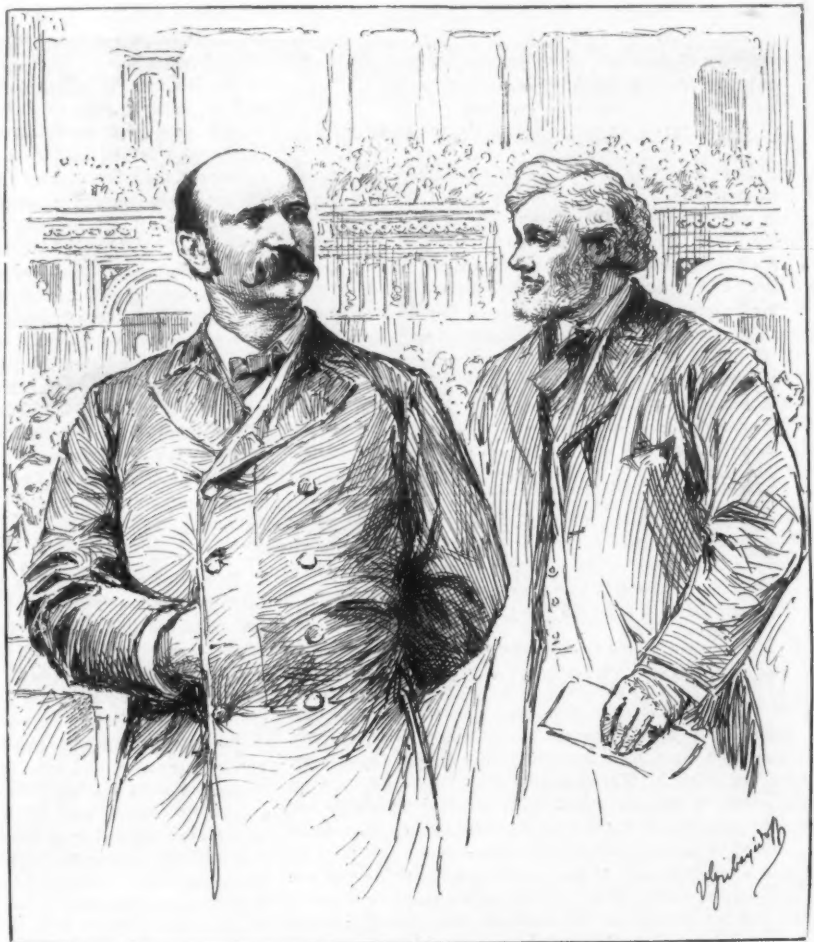
THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the announcement of the death of Prince Albert Victor, elsewhere referred to, we have news of the decease of the eminent prelate, Cardinal Manning. The cardinal was well known for his work as a Roman Catholic prelate and divine, and also because of



THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.

his efforts in the cause of temperance and social reform. He was born in 1808, and after graduating from Oxford was for a time one of the select preachers in the university. Subsequently he received clerical preferments, which he resigned in 1851 on joining the Roman Catholic Church, in which he entered the priesthood. His promotion in his new relations was rapid. He was made Archbishop of Westminster in 1865, and created a cardinal ten years later, the title assigned him being that of St. Andrews and Gregory on the Coelian Hill. No churchman ever did more for the Catholic Church in England than Cardinal Manning. On the occasion of celebrating his jubilee in 1890 a purse of more than \$35,000 was presented to him, but he devoted the sum entirely to his diocese.



HON. DAVID B. HILL, PRESENTED BY SENATOR HISCOCK, TAKES THE OATH OF OFFICE AS UNITED STATES SENATOR.

THE LATE PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

WE reproduce on this page a portrait of the late Prince Albert Victor, heir presumptive to the British throne, who died on the 14th inst., after a comparatively short illness from congestion of the lungs. All England has been plunged into the profoundest gloom by the decease of this prince. From the very first announcement of his illness, which resulted from a cold contracted while hunting, the utmost solicitude was manifested as to his condition. The bulletins which from time to time announced the progress of his disease were watched with great concern, being surrounded by throngs of people. This was especially the case in the vicinity of the London residence of the Prince of Wales. Prayers for the recovery of the prince were offered in a number of churches in London and throughout the country, the congregations being hurriedly called together by special summons of the clergy.

The prince has been for years a constant companion of his father, who has taken great pains to introduce him as much as possible into public life. The popular sympathy has gone out especially to his betrothed, Princess Mary of Teck. The story of the prince's wooing has been frequently told, and has formed the staple of elaborate newspaper accounts for over a month past. The proposal to the Princess Mary was made during the first week of December. Being accepted, he acquainted the Prince and Princess of Wales and then made haste to Windsor, where he sought and obtained the sanction of the Queen. The newspapers since that time have abounded with descriptions of the preparations for the wedding, which was to have taken place next month at Windsor. The wedding trousseau had been ordered, and the May blossom had been selected, as a compliment to the pet name of the prospective bride, as the principal design in the bridal dress and in the white and silver dresses of the eight bridesmaids.

With the death of Prince Albert Victor his younger brother, Prince George, who is a manly and popular youth, becomes heir to the throne next after his father, the Prince of Wales.



THE LATE PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE BRITISH THRONE.



A SOUTH-FLORIDA KITCHEN: PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARENCE B. MOORE, PHILADELPHIA.



A SMALL CUT-PRIT: PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARENCE B. MOORE, PHILADELPHIA.

A WINTER SONG.

THE soft snow whirls like a ring-dove's feather
That is tossed and blown by the breath of May,
An icy hand holds the brook in tether,
The sad wind dirges the passing day;
But you, love, and I, love, happy together,
Laugh though the skies be gray.

Mirth and joy are the draughts we mingle,
And pledge King Winter a lusty reign;
We pile the logs on the roaring ingle,
And tune the lute to a lover's strain.
And marry song to the strings that tingle
With never a note of pain.

They say that May is the month for mating,—
When the leaves break bud and the songsters woo;
We wish all well in their weary waiting
For the pied-green meads and the arching blue,
But there's life and love in these airs elating,
And this is the time for two!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

MR. JACK MELLISH'S ROMANCE.

BY A. S. DUANE.



MR. JACK was a bachelor, and a typical club man. All club men are bachelors at some time, but Mr. Jack's case might be called chronic. He didn't get over it as he did of the measles and whooping-cough and other diseases of extreme youth and adolescence.

There wasn't any good reason why he should have hung fire: he was good-looking enough, well-off to a comfortable and marriageable extent, and a great favorite with the solid men, even before the gristle of his young character had itself solidified. There wasn't a father of his acquaintance who wouldn't have said "Take her, my boy," and thanked his stars that daughter was settled all right. But here was Jack with a pair of eye-glasses, a stout figure, and forty-five years, a bachelor still.

The secret of it all was a peculiar sort of self-consciousness. He couldn't bear to court a girl, for fear she would refuse him and the boys would laugh. He had his dreams, his visions, like other men. Every summer he left his favorite seat in the U. L. window, determined to come back to the congratulations and the back-slapping that fall upon an engaged man. But every place he sought he found already occupied by old acquaintances who followed his movements with what seemed to him amused eyes, until he cursed fate and wished he hadn't an acquaintance in this world. He felt lonely enough to exchange all the friends of his youth for even the prospect of a wife. There were plenty of spinsters of the over-bloomed variety, and many a bygone widow who gave him ample reason to know that they would never mortify his pride by refusing his heart and hand and dividend-paying stocks; but upon such as these Mr. Jack resolutely turned his back. Some of them were very pleasant women, and would have made him a great deal happier than he was, but his greatest nightmare was the possibility of "the boys" saying he had been captured. Anything but that.

Matters were in this state when Mr. Jack was suddenly called over to Philadelphia on business, last October, and from there to Washington. As the train was about to draw out of the Philadelphia station, a porter came hurrying along carrying two or three bags and parcels, followed by a young lady with a brilliant, sun-tanned face and a quick, light step. Through Mr. Jack's mind ran the resolve to go through the train until he found that girl's seat, take one opposite, and look at her. He had hardly shaken himself together, taken a second glance at his stylish gray traveling-suit, approved of the bunch of violets in the lapel of his coat, when the door swung open and the young lady made her appearance in the aisle beside him. He involuntarily arose, but she gave him no attention, being seemingly engrossed by the tickets in her hand. He saw that she was a trifle older than her general air seemed to say, having an expression in her big gray eyes that must have meant at least twenty-five years. Her traveling-dress was of the best material and cut, but well worn and a trifle light for autumn wear. The imagination pictured it starting out blithely in all its freshness in June; now the season was over and it was going home.

Mr. Jack's practiced eye took in all the details. The more he looked at her the better he liked her, and when the porter had found her chair (directly opposite his own) and she gave directions as to her belongings, in a sweet, level voice, it seemed to him that this was the woman who had been ever and always the nucleus of his dreams.

He sat and looked at her. She had that air about her that only comes from perfect health, and which, after all is said, is the most potent attraction a woman can ever have. The short hair on her round nape curled strongly, and her lips had sweet depressions at the corners. Her gloves, like her dress, were worn, but neat, and when presently she drew one off, Mr. Jack saw that her hands were the well-shaped, small, but strong sort that a man almost instinctively feels can belong only to a good woman, a woman made to hold children and clasp the hand of a friend. It was one of those cases that we call "falling in love at sight," never taking into consideration that the heart that does the "falling" is in the supersensitive state where any attractive woman would be a goddess.

Mr. Jack went over all the stories he had ever read of chance acquaintances, and all the stories he had heard young fellows tell of their conquests; and rejected with scorn all the subterfuges that had been used to break the ice. Every commonplace way of approach seemed vulgar in the face of this fine young woman. And then his heart sank, as he realized that Baltimore, the city to which her ticket led, was not very far away, and time was

flying. The more hopeless the chance of making her acquaintance seemed, the more desirable it became, when suddenly the difficulty was solved in the most natural and unexpected way. Their chairs were turned until they were almost facing each other.

"I beg your pardon," she said in her dignified, smooth voice, "but I see you have a copy of the *Herald*. May I see it? The porter tells me there are none on this train."

Might she!

Mr. Jack hoped he did not make his reply too effusive, but he felt as though an angel's wing had brushed him,—so he said to himself.

And then he begged to regulate the light, and to offer any or all of the other papers that lay beside him on the floor. But only the *Herald* was accepted.

There seemed to be one special paragraph that she was looking for, and when she found it her eyes took on a deeper shadow; she let the paper fall into her lap and looked out at the level Pennsylvania landscape as it flashed by.

Mr. Jack's further opportunity came as evening drew on. The train was delayed, and the conductor said that it would probably be nine o'clock before Baltimore was reached.

Mr. Mellish was a dignified gentleman, not young enough, nor carrying any of the flippancy of the would-be "masher," so he had no hesitancy in going up to the young lady and asking if he could see about ordering her dinner, and if she would object to his own being served so near her.

She thanked him very much and said that if he would send the man to her it would be quite sufficient, and she surely had no objection to his dinner being served with her own. There was nothing else to say, as the car was crowded.

Of course they talked over the table. They were cultivated people and recognized each other as such. He was on the verge every second of telling her his name, and every second it seemed a more awkward thing to do. She evidently had not thought of such a thing.

The table was cleared, and for once Mr. Jack forgot his after-dinner cigar. It seemed to him that he couldn't lose sight of what he felt was the only woman he could ever think of for the rest of his life. His heart ached at the thought.

But he was no nearer her when the train drew up, and passengers crossing to Baltimore were asked to change cars. The porter was not near, for which Jack thanked his stars, and he himself had the bliss of collecting her belongings and helping her on with her cloak, an elaborate affair covered with loops and braiding. It was hardly adjusted, when the porter made his appearance, took up her bags, and with a swift bow and smile she was gone.

He sat gloomily down again, and thought all the way to Washington over his stupid folly in not telling her who he was, and finding out her own name if possible. He could make up a thousand schemes now that it was too late.

His old friends at the Metropolitan Club found Mr. Jack very stupid. He seemed preoccupied and nervous, and ready to do nothing but look after ladies who passed on the street. The second day he said he thought he would go over to Baltimore, and over he went, for a week at the hotels and clubs. But never a glimpse of his acquaintance did he get. He stayed as long as possible, and went back to New York feeling like a man with a history. It lasted for three or four weeks, and even the casual diners at the club began to notice that the café was not so brilliantly lighted as of yore, missing the gay light of Mr. Jack's face, when a little white missive in his club letter-box set his pulse dancing to a new tune:

"Mr. J. V. Mellish may remember assisting a lady with her traveling-cloak, in the parlor car between Philadelphia and Baltimore, on the sixteenth day of October. Upon arriving home the lady found, caught in the braiding of her cloak, a small black-and-white cameo having the appearance of having fallen from a gentleman's sleeve link or scarf-pin. She has inquired of all her friends without finding an owner, and if it happens to be the property of Mr. Mellish, will be very glad to return it to him. Address MISS MADLENE LANE, Fairfax, Virginia."

"But how in the mischief did she know my address?" said Mr. Jack to himself, entirely forgetting that "J. V. Mellish, United Legions Club," had been plainly written on the top of the *Herald* he had given her. But that thought disturbed him very little. The principal thing was, he knew her name and address and she had not forgotten him. He hunted out the prettiest paper the club owned, and sat down to answer that letter. It nearly broke his heart that that cameo was not some of his own missing property. It seemed to him that he had lost everything else on earth except "a small black-and-white cameo." As he sat and bit the end of his pen, cogitating, the suspicion darted through his mind that there *wasn't* any black-and-white cameo. That this letter was merely literature,—fiction, a bait. And then he remembered that girl's dignified face and manner, and was most properly ashamed of himself. He made up his mind to make some effort toward continuing the acquaintance, even though he might be considered impertinent.

This is the letter that, after the sacrifice of many sheets, was finally dispatched:

"Mr. Mellish remembers perfectly the occasion referred to, but is sorry to say that the cameo is not his property. He would be very glad to learn if an owner is ever found for it, it being a peculiar incident."

And then he turned over and over again the elegant little epistle, with its bold, round chirography, and put it in his breast-pocket.

Every day after the following week he looked for another letter from Fairfax, and every day he was disappointed. He consoled himself that she was still looking for the owner, and that he would hear when her quest was ended; but all the month of December went slowly by, drearily for him, a homeless man, and New Year's Day he went down to the club without a hope of anything more enlivening than his dinner and the holiday champagne he had been known to allow himself.

He didn't even go near his mail-box. He was not expecting anything; but when he had given his waiter an extra tip for New Year's that grateful functionary came bearing a square white missive on a tray.

Mr. Jack's eyes opened, and it seemed to him that the wheels

just begun to go round. He recognized that "characteristic hand" a yard away (he had his glasses on), and that waiter was more than astonished to find another dollar lying in the place of the white square when it was taken up by an eager hand.

There was a quick tear across the end, and the sheet was nervously taken out. There was no writing on it, but inside a dainty little sketch in water-colors of a bunch of violets, and under it, hastily written with the point of the brush in straggling letters, "A New Year bunch, with a good wish in every flower."

Mr. Jack remembered that *that day* he had had a bunch of violets in his coat. Oh, joy! Her memory was equally good.

Mr. Jack knew what to do now. He acknowledged the gift in a pretty note, accompanying a dainty souvenir. For this she thanked him with gracious acceptance, and depreciated her own trifling remembrance. He answered, assuring her that nothing could possibly have pleased him so much.

When two people are of one mind about a matter that concerns only themselves, the result is a foregone conclusion. Mr. Mellish and Miss Lane seemed each inclined toward pen and ink, and it will surprise no one that before many weeks the brisk sort of a correspondence was flying through the mails. Mr. Jack's letters were like himself. Rather sentimental (he was that, bless his heart!), rather old-fashioned, rather lacking in some of the methods of modern polite correspondence; but they seemed to please Miss Lane, and that was all that was necessary. Her letters were delicate, refined, witty, and everything that a letter should be. They showed a vast reading. Indeed, she early told Mr. Jack that, living as she did in the suburb of this country town, she had no other resource. She was not very strong (although that was the last idea that would have suggested itself to Mr. Jack or any one else from her appearance), and sometimes during the bad weather of the early spring was confined to her room for days at a time. Then Mr. Jack begged to be allowed to send her "a book." Packages by the dozen found their way down into Virginia. New novels, magazines, reviews, and now and then a box of dainty confections. It had come to be quite the accepted thing. Now and then there was an answering gift sent up from Virginia. A bright, cleverly-drawn little water-color study, a silver envelope-opener with a satin case embroidered in violets. Miss Lane had bewailed the poverty of her old Virginia home, so that Jack knew his gifts filled what would otherwise have been a void. He was a generous man, and the little things he did gave him more pleasure than had come to him in years. There was only one drawback—whenever he but broached in the most far-away manner the subject of love or marriage he ran up against a wall. It was the one subject upon which she was entirely unresponsive. Two or three letters later she would lightly speak of the beauties of Platonic friendship, and then again make clever little remarks apropos Mona Caird. Mr. Jack had come to depend upon these letters for his daily mental food. They digested everything for him and put it into conversational form. Everything, from politics and the Indian question to Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Jack began to go out more. He had more assurance. He felt that he had a backing. He wasn't venturing upon the cold world entirely alone. He began to know something of the self-possession of the married man who has had his social opinions cut and dried for him. And he was beginning to get a reputation for cleverness. People who heard some of his "original" remarks (apropos some of the subjects which had been written over by Miss Lane) said to each other, "Jack Mellish knows how to talk when he's in the humor."

There were even new stories that had never been either in print or circulated on club atmosphere. It was noted, too, that their tone was healthier, less highly colored, than those Jack had told in days gone by.

And then there came another disappointment for him. He had remembered that he had an ancient relative living in Richmond, and had written Miss Lane of the fact, and of his intention of visiting her, quite as though he had been in the habit of going through that ceremony semi-yearly; but there had been no invitation to take Fairfax in his route.

Mr. Jack sent some more books, some more confections, and, happy thought—a kodak! saying he had become so much interested in the bits of Fairfax described that he would like to have some views.

The kodak was received with enthusiastic delight. And Mr. Jack was biding his time. Finally he announced that he was going to make a trip to Richmond very shortly, and asked permission to make his young friend a visit.

It was granted very graciously, and Mr. Jack began his preparations with a heart that had never bounded more joyously at twenty. Two days before he would have started there came a little note, saying: "I am so sorry! I have had a severe fall from my horse and sprained both ankles. The doctor says I cannot leave my room for six weeks at the very least. I am more than sorry, as it deprives me of your visit." Mr. Jack was kindness itself. He found that he would anyway be obliged to postpone his visit to Richmond. He did everything in his power to lighten the tedium of his lovely friend's sick-room, sending hot-house grapes and new novels and cheery letters.

But after the six weeks went by there was no further mention of the visit from Miss Lane. Indeed, it seemed to Mr. Jack that a sort of constraint came over her letters. He could hardly make out where, at first, and then the shortness and coolness of some were unmistakable. He tortured himself with visions of a young lover who had appeared upon the scene. Of course he could not expect to keep a girl like that to himself. And then there came a letter saying:

"I am ill. I have never entirely recovered from my fall. I am nervous and cross. Forgive me if I do not seem myself, and know that you are the dearest friend I ever had, and I shall always love you dearly. M. L."

The letters had always been signed with the two modest little initials.

Mr. Jack answered the letter, his heart running out in tenderness over the illness, and saying at the end, "I wish I could make you as happy as your sweet little letter makes me."

But to this there was no answer. Mr. Jack wrote two or three times, and then sent books, but no reply came to anything. He wandered about blue and miserable. Every night when he put his head upon his pillow he resolved to go down

to Fairfax the next day, and when daylight came it found him without the courage. She might laugh at him.

He could settle himself at nothing. Men began to ask him if he had been speculating, and spoke to each other (for Mr. Jack had plenty of friends) about his haggard appearance. Things had gone on in this way for a month or six weeks, when one day he found in his letter-box a square letter bordered with black, and bearing the Fairfax, Va., postmark. He tore it open with fingers that shook so he could hardly manage the paper, and then he had not the courage to read it. He pushed it back into his pocket, and leaving the club, went up-town to his lonely room, and with breaths so quick that they almost choked him, read this:

"FAIRFAX, VIRGINIA, October 26th.

"MY DEAR MR. MELLISH:—In telling you of the death of my darling and only young brother (Mr. Jack gave a sigh of relief. It was not *she*, then, for whom this sheet was lined with black) I must make an explanation which I am afraid will be almost as painful for you to read as for me to write. When I met you on the train last year (Mr. Jack looked at the end of the letter again. There it was, 'Alice L. Bridges,' and he had never seen the writing before), and subsequently discovered the little cameo in my cloak braiding, I amused Malcolm by telling him of you and your courtesy to me, and wondered if the stone could belong to you. We found your address on the margin of the *Herald* which you so kindly gave me (and which contained the account of my husband's illness at his Western fort, which took me to him). Malcolm has been an invalid from childhood, living in a romantic world of his own and little realizing the life outside. It was very hard for me to leave him, but it was impossible for him to accompany me on the long journey to Colonel Bridges, and I reluctantly went away leaving him in the care of my aunt. She humored him in all his whims, seeing no harm in anything that brought amusement into his weary life. In looking over his desk I find your letters with the story they tell. Believe me, Mr. Mellish, it shall be with me a sacred one. I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart that you seem to have made the last months of my boy's life bright and happy, while I deplore his—to him innocent and unthinking—deception. If you will give me your home address I will send to you the gifts you sent to him.

"For my boy's sake—I know he must have loved you dearly—I am always your friend,

Alice L. Bridges."

They say that Mr. Jack Mellish is getting old.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mail, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied; or she will make purchases for them without charge when their wishes are clearly specified.]

"THE old is crumbling down, the new is springing up,"—so laments the German poet, and one is almost inclined to join in the wail when we see the new warm-weather modes springing up everywhere about us. Our winter fashions have been so graceful and becoming it is almost like parting with dear friends to let them go, yet we must face the inevitable, and welcome the new-comers in the way of the cotton fabrics with which our shop-windows are already lined. They are winsome, withal, and they will doubtless ere long rule our hearts. There are Anderson zephyrs and Whytall cheviots, in the most dainty and delicate patterns and colors, ranging from nineteen, twenty-five,



ENGLISH BOX-COAT.

thirty-five to fifty cents a yard. Pale pinks, blues, mauves, and yellows, with silky stripes and fowl-ard figures in sprigs and tiny polka dots, are displayed, and others have the effects of *moiré* silk. It is quite safe to predict that these, in the finer qualities, will be made with plain skirts and coat-like bodices, in emulation of their silken prototypes. Evening dresses are still among the urgent necessities, and with these the sash yet prevails. Ten out of every fifteen will be decorated with sashes. Some are wide, others are narrow; some are tied between the shoulders at the back, some on the breast, and others on the point of the bodice, just as individual fancy dictates. Another notion which has caught the fancy of women fair is the lace bib. This is made to accompany gowns of both silk and wool, and high necks and low necks alike. It is made in lace entire, or in *crêpe de chine* with a deep lace border, generally of *point de Venise*. It is infinitely becoming, and we hope for it a long life.

An exceedingly pretty idea in the way of evening gowns is a full bodice of *crêpe de chine* with a plain skirt of satin or brocade. It is effectively carried out in yellow with a skirt of yellow and silver tinsel brocade; again with a bodice of pale green *crêpe de chine* and a petticoat of black satin brocaded with pink roses and green leaves. It would be charming to make the bodice of a totally different color from the skirt—for instance, a pale pink bodice with a mauve skirt, or a pale blue bodice with a beetle-green skirt. A yellow *crêpe* bodice with a pearl gray skirt would be charming to a degree. These bodices are, as a rule, low cut, with a full berth at the neck, perhaps with long sleeves and pointed at the waist. An edging of fur adds materially to these evening gowns, but it must be fur of the best quality, the more rare and expensive

the better. However, there is scarcely a garment for day or evening wear that does not own its border of fur. Hats and bonnets have, of course, boasted of it for a long while gone—and speaking of hats brings to mind the satin ones which I have previously mentioned, and which will shortly monopolize public favor. One pretty specimen is made in a dull shade of rose color, lined with black, and close around the crown are fixed tiny curly black ostrich tips, while a cluster of somewhat larger feathers is arranged at the back, one of which droops over the hair.

If one wishes to be thoroughly English in appearance when on the promenade he or she must wear the loose-backed box-coat. About the only distinction between the "genders" of these coats is in the collar, and when made for feminine wearers it is high and flaring, or one that can be rolled over, or worn erect. The back is wide and loose, and is cut without a seam, while the front view is given in the illustration. It is made of drab cloth and cut with infinite skill. It is edged entirely around, including the flaring cuffs, with innumerable rows of machine stitching. The front is double-breasted and ornamented with handsome pearl buttons. Pockets, with wide flaps, are inserted in the side fronts. A coat on this order, but more elegant in material, is made in brocaded velvet faced with fur, but cloth seems to be more to the purpose, and in keeping with the design.

We are constantly being irritated by waggings of the head and prognostications that "the bustle is coming back" to disfigure us. It is only a rumor, however, not an authentic announcement, so let us hope that rumor is still the "lying jade" she has ever been, and that such a calamity may be long averted.

The modistes are certainly indulging in the most extraordinary color combinations nowadays, especially when they unite heliotrope velvet with dark blue cloth, and mauve satin with pale blue velvet. Blue and green, however, we are becoming quite accustomed to as a combination, and if the colors are blended by an artistic selection the result is a happy one.

In the designers' search after novelties they have devised a new sleeve, or revised an old one, which is tight and plain excepting above and below the bend of the elbow. But do not copy it—it isn't pretty.

ELLA STARR.

THE NORTH RIVER BRIDGE.

THE breaking of ground, two or three weeks since, for the great North River bridge, which is to be built by the New York and New Jersey Bridge Company, recalls attention to an enterprise which, if properly carried out, will prove of immense value to the metropolis, and incidentally to the country at large. Its construction will remove many of the disabilities under which New York now labors on account of its insular position, and will make possible desirable competition among all the trunk lines of railway for New England traffic. While the enterprise appears to be a most formidable one, it is to be remembered that this is the era of great bridges, and that the skill and ingenuity of engineers seem to be able to overcome all physical difficulties in their construction. The Niagara bridge, the great St. Louis bridge crossing the Mississippi, the Brooklyn bridge, which are all suspension bridges, and the great cantilever across the Firth of Forth in Scotland, are all illustrations of this fact. Each was at the outset supposed to be impossible, and yet all were built with apparent ease.

The proposed bridge across the Hudson will extend from a point in New Jersey about a mile above the West Shore ferry-houses to a point at or near Seventy-first Street in New York, with a viaduct to the proposed union station at Thirty-eighth Street. It will be 4,500 feet long, and will consist of one centre span of 2,200 feet (which is nearly 500 feet longer than the Forth, 600 feet longer than the Brooklyn bridge spans) and two side spans of 1,050 feet; also a small span of 300 feet on the New York shore. It will be 150 feet above highest water. The width of the platform will be 160 feet, and there will be provision for eight railway tracks and two sidewalks. It will be carried by two main towers 450 feet high, with bases 120 x 250 feet, extending about 250 feet through the water and soil to solid rock, making a total height of 700 feet, or higher than any existing structure except the Eiffel Tower. Elevators will run from the sidewalks to the tops of the towers, where will be galleries capable of holding seventy-five persons. From this lofty position, 100 feet higher than the towers of the Brooklyn bridge, persons can enjoy one of the finest views in America.

The New York tower will stand within the pier head line, the New Jersey tower a little outside of the New Jersey pier head line, but in a place where it cannot obstruct navigation.

The passenger station in New York, of which we give an illustration elsewhere, will contain room for twenty tracks and their platforms. The station is modeled after the Midland station in London. The situation is a central one, and both on the New Jersey and New York sides communications will be made with the important lines of railway. In all, fifteen established lines will be connected by this bridge and its approaches. The prospectus of the company goes into details of projected lines for the accommodation of suburban travel. It is stated, as giving an idea of the enormous traffic moving in and out of the Jersey terminals each day, that in round numbers the New Jersey railroads carry in and out over seven hundred and fifty passenger trains, to which is to be added the freight traffic, which is very much greater. During the year 1890 eighteen million passengers crossed the Hudson River by way of the ferries.

On the New Jersey side, where ground was broken a month since, the bridge will begin from the meadows between Hackensack River and Bergen Hill, the latter ridge being crossed by an open cut one hundred feet in width. It is expected that the stone quarried out of this cut will furnish a considerable portion of the concrete material for the tower foundations and anchorages.

This bridge will be a cantilever bridge, the only form of very long span which entirely eliminates strains from changes of temperature.

The engineer is Mr. Thomas Curtis Clarke, whose long experience in bridge construction and in sinking foundations to the greatest depths yet attained well fits him for his position.

Owing to recent improvements in the manufacture of steel and in sinking foundations, this bridge can be built in less than half the time and for no greater cost than that of the Brooklyn bridge.

LIFE INSURANCE.—"THE HERMIT'S" COLUMN.

ANOTHER of the short-term benefit orders is now in trouble. Dr. Whitney, late president of the Mystic Seven and Golden Circle, has been arrested in Boston to satisfy a claim of \$5,100 set up against him by the receiver of the Golden Circle. The same gentleman was also interested in the Fraternal Circle, Mutual One-year Benefit Order, Progressive One-year Order, Royal Ark, and other short-term concerns, against which I have repeatedly warned my readers. The whole category of these short-term orders is full of frauds and swindles of the most outrageous kind. It is a pity that the swindlers cannot be reached and punished. Their victims, for the most part, have been of the poorest classes, many of them possibly unable to read, and many unable to buy newspapers or to take legal advice.

A friend wrote the other day to "The Hermit" that his subscription price had been saved over and over again by one single note of warning that he had found in this column. I am always glad to hear that benefits have been derived. I write for the masses who seem to be drifting away with no one to guide or counsel them, the prey of the swindler and trickster.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 26TH, 1891. *Dear Hermit*:—Have read with much interest your opinions of life insurance companies, and consider your mission a very noble one, and, to use an old-time expression, it fills a long-felt want. How do you consider the Berkshire Life Insurance Company of Pittsfield, Mass.? An early reply through your column in *LESLIE'S* will much oblige.

"RETRICH."

Ans.—The Berkshire Life is an old company, forty years old, with a small capital stock, but doing a pretty large business. Its total income in 1890 was \$1,238,000. Its total disbursements were \$937,338. It reports a balance of net or ledger assets of \$4,222,363. I consider this a good statement, although the company is not one of the largest. Of course its future success depends upon its management.

LOUISVILLE, KY., DECEMBER 17TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—Having enlightened me on the subject of insurance reserves in your issue of October 31st, for which please accept my thanks, I beg to ask you to inform me on the subject of contract and strength of the New York Life, Mutual, Equitable, and Northwestern. I know these are good strong companies, and from some of your answers I would judge you are a little partial to the Mutual. I think I would prefer the Equitable, judging from your figures. The Equitable claims to be the largest, strongest, and safest company in the world, and the Mutual claims to be the largest. These reserves, as I understand them, are liabilities. If such is the case would not the Equitable be first, Northwestern second, New York Life third, and Mutual fourth in the point of strength and safety? In point of contract, Equitable, Mutual Life, New York Life, and Northwestern? The reason I don't consider the Mutual's contract quite so good as the Equitable is on account of the Mutual giving paid-up insurance without medical re-examination at the end of the lifetime period. I know a man is safe in either of these, but I would like for you to give an impartial answer, that I may know which gives the best contract and the strongest.

Yours truly,

F. S. W.

Ans.—"F. S. W." should bear in mind what I have said before, that figures do lie, in the hands of the statistician. I think that any of the three great New York companies he has mentioned can offer a good policy; in fact, I think there is little difference between the policies, and their rates are the same. The Northwestern is a good company, but my preference is still in favor of the New York companies. There are points of merit in favor of some companies that others do not possess, but to ask me in the small compass of this column to enter into the merits of the dozen of policies that are issued would be obviously asking too much.

ST. LOUIS, MO., DECEMBER 26TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—I write for information concerning the three New York life insurance companies: (1) Equitable; (2) Mutual Life; (3) New York Life. I am about to insure my life and wish to know which of the above three companies to insure in. Which is your preference? Which will probably pay the best to insure in, etc.? Is there anything in the charges made against the latter company during the last year? If you object to naming the companies, designate by the numbers above. By answering you will confer a favor on.

Very respectfully,

P. P. C.

Ans.—I do not care to discriminate between the companies named by "P. P. C." All of them are sound and have large assets, and they comprise the three greatest companies of the kind in the world. There are differences in the policies, some of them slight, some of them quite radical. I would advise "P. P. C." to look over the literature of the different companies and see what they offer, and take that form of policy and in that company which seems best to meet his peculiar circumstances in life. If he does not care to make any inquiries I can refer him to an agent who will give him the information he seeks and do it gladly.

CEDAR HILL, ALBANY CO., N. Y., JANUARY 4TH, 1892. *The Hermit*:—Kindly give me your opinion of the company sending out enclosed report, and greatly oblige. Have a policy of \$3,000. Contemplate increasing same to \$5,000.

Yours very truly,

A. R. B.

Ans.—"A. R. B." incloses a report of the American Co-operative Relief Association, and I take it that this is the company in which he has an interest. It is an assessment concern, established in Syracuse about ten years ago. Its income during 1890 was only a little over \$60,000 while its disbursements were over \$81,000, and its balance at the close of the year only \$33,000. Against this are losses adjusted, not yet due, amounting to \$10,000. I would not call this a very strong company. Its future will depend entirely upon the conservatism of its management.

DELAWARE, WIS., DECEMBER 11TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—I have been a reader of your paper for the past few years and have read with considerable interest your items on insurance written by the "Hermit." They are interesting to me, as I carry policies in several different insurance companies. I would like his opinion on The People's Mutual Benefit Society, located at Elkhart, Ind. A friend of mine has carried policies in it with very satisfactory results. Awaiting a reply in some way.

Yours respectfully,

E. M.

Ans.—If my correspondent will send me some of the literature issued by this company it will enable me to give a better answer. I do not think the company does any business in New York State.

WILLET'S POINT, N. Y. H., DECEMBER 2D, 1891. *Hermit*:—Being a reader of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY, I wish you would kindly give me your opinion of the Co-operative Building Bank, which has an office at the World Building, New York City, and kindly oblige a reader.

C. S.

Ans.—I cannot answer "C. S." The Co-operative Building Bank is not an insurance concern, I imagine. I never heard of it before and do not find that it reports to the Insurance Department. My correspondent may obtain some information if he will address the Superintendent of Banks, Albany, N. Y.

MAYSVILLE, KY., DECEMBER 4TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—I would respectfully ask you to give me your best information regarding the standing, integrity, and ability of the American Temperance Life Insurance Company, 187 Broadway, New York; F. Delano, president; G. E. Goddard, secretary and treasurer. I have a policy in this company, and am told by other companies (old line companies) that the policy is no good. Amount \$2,000 only. By so doing you will oblige a reader of FRANK LESLIE'S.

Very truly,

S. B. O.

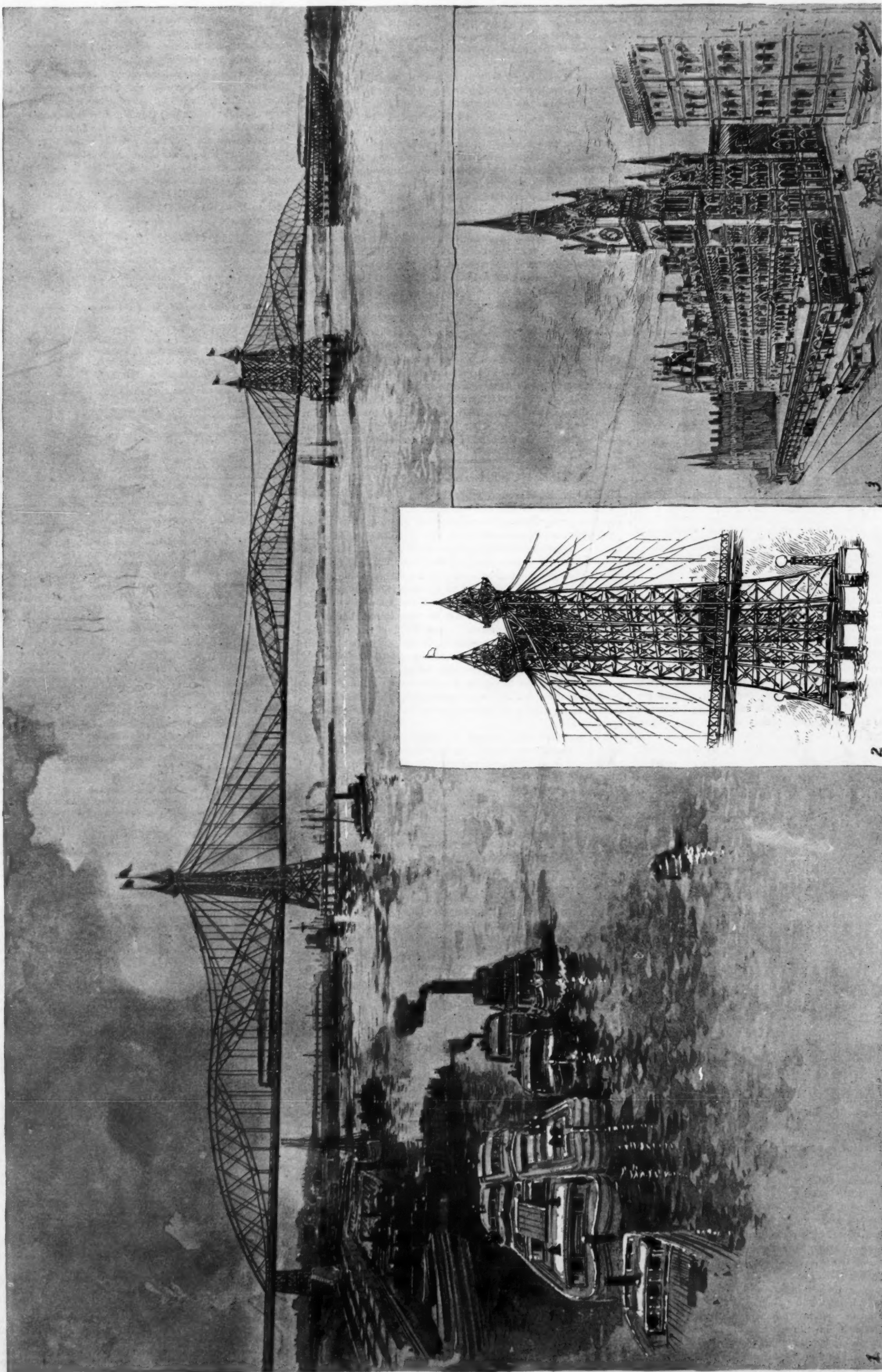
Ans.—In the issue of December 19th I replied to a similar inquiry in reference to the American Temperance Association of New York. If my correspondent will refer to the issue of that date he will get the information he seeks.

DENVER, COLO., DECEMBER 12TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—I desire to take some life insurance. Am fifty. What form of policy would you advise? I have a large family. In what company?

C. L. J.

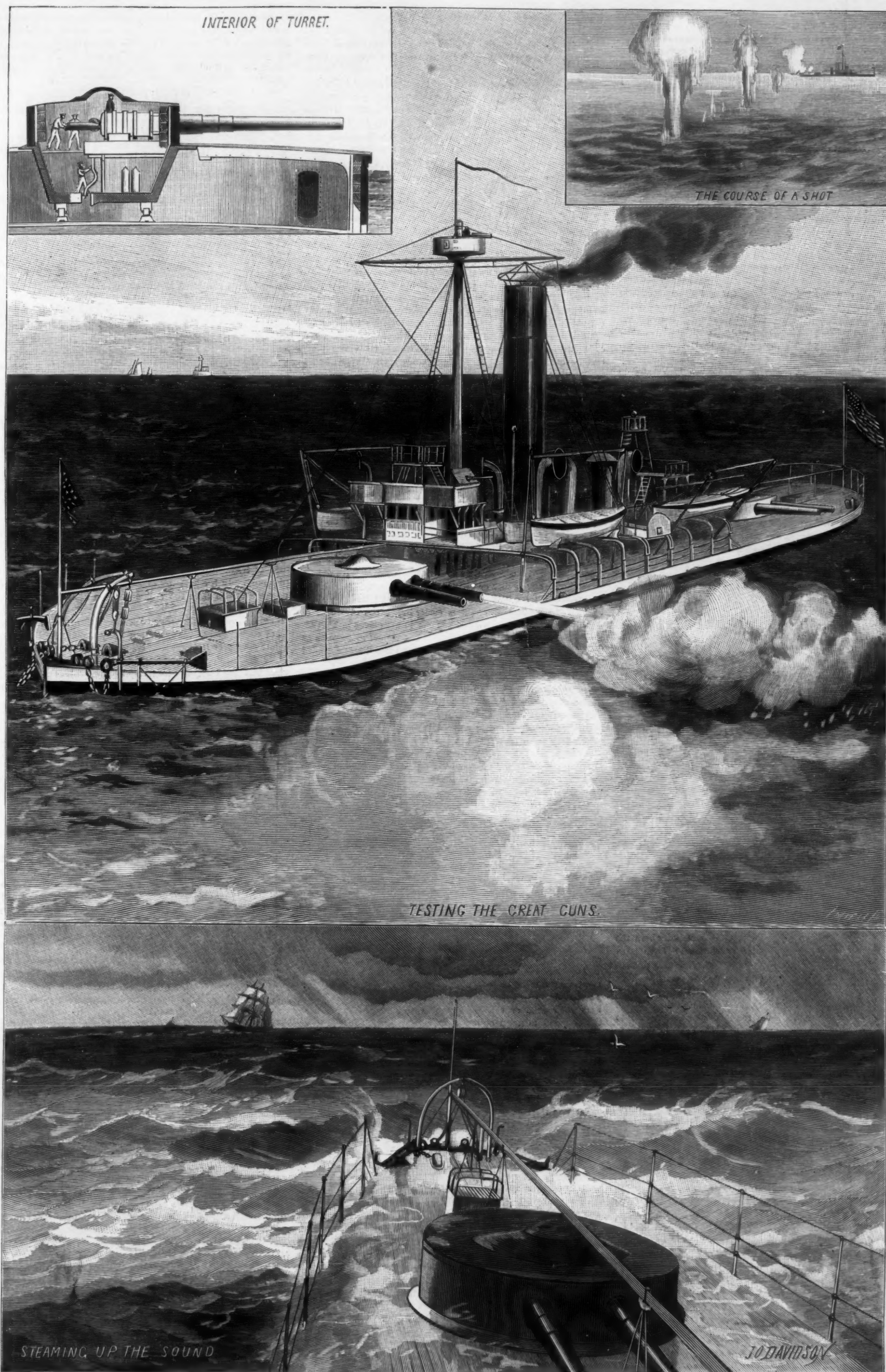
Ans.—Everything depends on your circumstances and on your purpose to take out plain insurance or insurance accompanied with investment. I would recommend any one of the three great insurance companies. The Equitable, New York Life, and the Mutual Life have insurance accompanied with investment. If you want cheap insurance, what is known as straight life, any of the very large assessment companies, like the Mutual Reserve of this city, would give you what you seek. I can give you the address of a reliable agent in New York if you desire to make further inquiries.

The Hermit.



1. THE BRIDGE. 2. A PIER. 3. THE PROPOSED UNION STATION AT BROADWAY AND THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK.

THE PROPOSED NORTH RIVER BRIDGE, EXTENDING FROM A POINT NEAR WEEHAWKEN, IN NEW JERSEY, TO SEVENTY-FIRST STREET, IN NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY, FROM THE ACCEPTED DESIGNS.—[SEE PAGE 433.]



THE RECENT TRIALS OF THE BIG GUNS OF THE DOUBLE-TURRETED IRON-CLAD MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH," AT GARDINER'S BAY.
DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 436.]

PERSONAL.

THE death of Mohammed Tewfik, Khedive of Egypt, will not result in any serious complications. It is more likely to strengthen the hold of England upon Egypt than to diminish it. At this time all the machinery of the vice-regal government is practically in British hands, and this advantage will not be surrendered, being essential to the collection of interest by the



THE LATE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

English bond-holders and to the maintenance of undisputed control of the Suez Canal. The nominal ruler of the country will now be Abbas Pasha, the eldest son and successor of Tewfik, who has not yet reached his majority. This youth is said to be well poised, and is likely to be controlled by more liberal ideas than his father, owing to the fact that from his early youth he has been surrounded by English influences, and has enjoyed advantages of enlightenment and come in contact with theories of progress which never touched the deceased Khedive. According to Mr. G. W. Smalley, in the *Tribune*, "Abbas speaks English freely, as well as French, German, and Arabic. He is outspoken on the Egyptian question. During his sojourn in Vienna he freely expressed his conviction that the British occupation was necessary. He has kept up his studies in English during his residence in Vienna, and has often visited the English Embassy."

METROPOLITAN OF MOSCOW.—The new Metropolitan of Moscow, Leonti, received his appointment to that exalted post on the 17th of last November, but it is only within the past two weeks that he has entered upon its onerous duties. His real name is Ivan Alexievitch Lebedinsky, and he is exactly seventy years of age. Although an old-school prelate, he is credited with entertaining liberal views in religious matters and being opposed to the incessant persecution of the Stundists, or dissenters from the Russian Church. On the other hand, his hatred of the Jews is intense. He knows no superior in Russia but the Czar himself.



LEONTI, THE NEW METROPOLITAN OF MOSCOW.

ALLEGED HOSTILE DEMONSTRATION AGAINST HAYTI.—The New York *Herald* recently published an account of an alleged revolutionary movement designed to overthrow the government of Hayti. According to this account agents of the conspiracy in this country have purchased and fitted out a man-of-war, which is equipped with the latest appliances, and which is to leave the United States without the knowledge of our authorities, and with two coal transports proceed to a selected point in Jamaica, where the main revolutionary force is to be embarked. It is then proposed to make a descent upon Port au Prince, which is the capital and the stronghold of Hippolyte, the president of the republic. Anticipating success at this point, the revolutionists propose to take possession of the capital and to establish a new government, of which General Francois Manigat, who has been a conspicuous figure in the politics of Hayti, will be the probable head. The *Herald* statement goes on to say that the revolutionary movement represents a concerted purpose of all the Hayti political leaders now in exile, including ex-President Legitime and several others. The statement of the *Herald* is specific and to a considerable extent rests upon the authority of the alleged agent of the revolutionists who has fitted out the expedition in this city, but its accuracy is stoutly disputed by other journals, which declare that it is without any real foundation in fact. The Hayti Minister to the United States, who was claimed as certifying to the accuracy of the *Herald* account, has subsequently stated that he has no knowledge of any conspiracy. The state of affairs in Hayti, however, is so unsettled and the inducements to revolution are so constant and urgent that, whatever may be the truth as to the present statement, an uprising may at any moment occur which will sweep away the existing administration.



PRESIDENT HIPPOLYTE.

Abraham Jefferson Seay, the new Governor of Oklahoma, is thoroughly a self-made man. Born in Amherst County, Va., November 28th, 1832, he was three years later taken by his parents to Osage County, Missouri, where he grew up on a farm. Up to the time he was twenty-one he had received almost no education. At this age, however, he struck out for himself, and by hard work succeeded in getting through the academy at Steelville, Mo. After working a while to secure the requisite funds he began the study of law in that place, and was admitted to the Bar the day preceding the firing on Fort Sumter. Though most of the Seay family sympathized with the Confederacy, in a few days this young man marched away as a private in a Missouri regiment of volunteers. After four years of hard service, having been in a score of battles and marched with Sherman to the sea, he was mustered out a colonel. He returned to Steelville, began the practice of law, and was soon at the head of the local bar. First he was chosen county attorney, then circuit attorney, and from 1875 to 1887 sat on the Bench as circuit judge. Always an active and aggressive Republican, he has participated in every campaign, and twice made an unsuccessful race for Congress against Senator Bland. In May, 1890, he was appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma, which position he has filled in an admirable manner. His appointment as Governor was hailed with joy by all the people of the Territory, and will unite the Republican party and assure it certain victory in the coming election.



EX-PRESIDENT LEGITIME.

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A. JEFFERSON SEAY.

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OFFICIAL SALUTES.

WE manage to get along in America without much form and ceremony in official matters. The dignity of the office and the personal dignity of the occupants are usually enough to enable our administrative officers to get through their duties without any adventitious aid from fuss and feathers. An English business man was in Washington several years ago and wished to see the President. He was told to call on him, but he could with difficulty be made to understand that he did not have to engage the intervention of some kind of a Lord Chamberlain or other high functionary. At last he was persuaded to call at a certain time and send in his card. He did so, and without any bother or question he saw the chief executive and transacted his business. "By George!" he said, when he had left the White House, "it is easier to see the President of the United States than it is to see me in my offices in Threadneedle Street." And in our courts of law we get along with as little ceremony as possible, but our courts are not less dignified or less efficient on that account.

In two branches of our public service, however, the military and naval ceremonies of a certain kind are observed with strict punctiliousness and regulated by law. Some of these ceremonies are a part of the necessary discipline of the services, and some are the outgrowth of habits of courtesy and respect. Each soldier and sailor must salute a superior in a stipulated manner. For instance, in the army, when an officer passes a guard, the guard presents arms to a commanding officer, a field officer, or an officer-of-the-day; to other officers he brings his gun to a "carry," facing outward from the post or camp, and stands motionless till his salute is acknowledged and the officer has passed. It is, of course, also incumbent upon an officer always to return the salute of another officer or of an enlisted man, but unfortunately the great majority of army officers do this where enlisted men are concerned in a way so slovenly that it had almost as well be omitted altogether. It may be a great bore to an officer, as he passes through a camp or a barrack-yard, to have to raise his hand in salutation every other step he takes, but it is a part of his duty, and as it is also a mark of courtesy, he should do it properly and ungrudgingly. Simply to raise his hand six inches from his waist is no salute at all, and is about as courteous as the response of an employer who grunts in acknowledgment of his servant's kindly "good-morning."

Down in Richmond, when the war broke out, a certain regiment was formed of young men of the same social position. Their zeal induced them to enlist, and they selected by election from their number the officers who were to command them. Socially and in times of peace these men were equals. They were acquaintances, friends, and comrades. This one was Tom, the other Dick, and another Harry, and they were all good fellows. When business was to be done the officers soon saw that discipline required that all military forms should be observed, and that officers and privates must occupy different spheres in the camp and the field. Tom was a captain, Dick was a sergeant, and Harry a private. It was difficult to arrange this new status, and as there were more privates than officers the majority protested against saluting their superiors, who, they argued, were not superiors by birth or social condition, or anything. Here was a nice state of affairs. The privates were dreadfully in earnest, and they had the sympathy of their sweethearts and their wives and all the people at home. There was almost a mutiny. At length General Lee sent for a number of the privates and questioned them as to their grievances. Many of these youths he knew personally, and the names of all were familiar to him. After he had heard what they had to say he replied, in his own grave and courteous way, "It seems strange to me, that you, as gentlemen, should object according to your officers that courtesy which each gentleman owes to every other gentleman." The young men returned to their camp, and nothing more was heard of their dissatisfaction.

Military salutes, therefore, are intended as marks of respect and courtesy as well as to do honor to rank and position. In America, officers off duty are socially equal, and they meet one another without any ceremonious recognition of rank. In some continental countries this is not so. In Germany, for instance, if a major should call at a house where a captain and a lieutenant were also visiting, the junior officers would have to acknowledge the major's presence by standing attention until he requested them to be seated. If the major happened to be grumpy or

absent-minded the poor juniors would have to stand with the rigid fixedness of Indian dervishes till the major had remembered them or relented. But probably no such thing as this ever happened, for colonels and generals outrank majors, and a settling day is sure to come for him who abuses his authority. As Balzac's tramp said to the knight he met in the dusty road: "However high your head may be, your feet are on a level with mine."

The honor salutes are fired from cannon with blank cartridges, and the number of guns fired indicates the rank of the dignitary to whom honor is done. These salutes are fired between sunrise and sunset, and, as a rule, are never fired on Sunday. The national salute—one gun for each State in the Union—is fired at noon on the anniversary of the independence of the United States at each military post or camp provided with artillery. The international salute is twenty-one guns.

Whenever the President of the United States arrives at a military post, navy yard, or man-of-war, and also when he leaves, a salute of twenty-one guns is fired. For the Vice-President the salute is nineteen guns. For members of the Cabinet, the Chief Justice, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the salute is seventeen guns. Governors, when within their respective States or Territories, also receive a salute of seventeen guns. This salute is also given to a committee of Congress when officially visiting any military post.

The sovereign or chief magistrate of a foreign State, the heir-apparent of the reigning sovereign of a foreign State, and the consort of a reigning sovereign, each receives on arrival at or departure from a military post a salute of twenty-one guns. The Viceroy, Governor-General, or Governor of a province belonging to a foreign State, each receives a salute of seventeen guns. Ambassadors from foreign States are entitled to a salute of seventeen guns. Ministers to fifteen, and Ministers Resident to thirteen, while a Chargé d' Affaires receives only eleven guns, and a Consul-General nine.

Military and naval officers are honored as follows:

Seventeen guns for a general-in-chief, a field-marshal, or admiral.

Fifteen guns for a lieutenant-general or vice-admiral.

Thirteen guns for a major-general or a rear-admiral.

Eleven guns for a brigadier-general or a commodore.

The international salute is the only salute which is returned, and this is invariably done as soon as possible. The time intervening must never exceed twenty-four hours. The failure to return such a salute is regarded as a discourtesy or lack of friendship, justifying the other party in asking an explanation. In the presence of the President of the United States no other salute than the national salute and that specified for him is to be fired.

Salvos are simultaneous discharges from several cannon. They correspond to volleys of musketry and are fired by way of salute only over the graves of officers at the time of burial. The order designating a funeral escort prescribes whether the fire shall be three volleys of musketry or three salvos of artillery.

JOHN GILMER SPEED.

TEST OF BIG GUNS.

THE recent test of the big ten-inch guns of the double-turreted ironclad monitor *Miantonomoh* attracted great attention in naval circles, and seems to have been satisfactory so far as definite results were reached. The tests were made in Gardiner's Bay, where there is a clear range of over ten miles, and were at first somewhat interfered with by rough, unfavorable weather. The trial was the more interesting from the fact that it was the first time in the history of the navy that immense rifles like those mounted on the *Miantonomoh* had ever been fired on board a coast-defense vessel.

There are four of the ten-inch guns, three of which were made in England and one in Bethlehem, Pa. The Bethlehem gun, which is mounted in the after turret, is one foot shorter than the English guns, but has the same calibre as the others. The difference, however, of a foot in the length of the gun makes a difference of one ton in its weight as compared with the others, the English gun weighing twenty-seven tons, and the Bethlehem gun weighs only twenty-six.

The armament of the *Miantonomoh* is not confined to these great guns. She carries a secondary battery which is inferior to none in the service in point of efficiency, consisting of two three-pounder Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns and two thirty-seven-millimeter revolving cannon. There are also two of the new Driggs-Schroeder rapid-fire guns. It is stated, as illustrating their destructive power, that these guns throw a shell weighing six pounds four times a minute, the shells being filled with high explosives, and having a range of three miles. At the range of a mile their effect on the decks of a thickly-peopled man-of-war would be simply terrific.

The *Miantonomoh's* complement during her cruise consisted of eleven officers and 132 men, but only five of these officers and sixteen men were required in the actual working of both batteries; the guns and turrets are worked by hydraulic machinery—the guns are depressed, loaded, elevated and run out, and the turrets turned by machinery, and the firing is done by an electric battery. The shots from the great guns were not fired at any target, but were merely sent over the water at a slight elevation of the guns, the object being to test the recoil. Twenty shots in all were fired from the great guns in the turrets. Seven of these were fired from the forward turret, one gun being fired twice and one five times. The thirteen remaining were fired from the after turret. Of these shots, two from the forward turret and four from the after turret were fired with the full charge of powder, and all the rest were with reduced charges, consisting of 154 pounds of powder. At one time the two guns in the after turret were fired simultaneously with full charges of powder. The Driggs-Schroeder and Hotchkiss rapid-firing guns were fired from the hurricane deck, the elevated structure between the two turrets, and the revolving cannon were worked in the military-mast tops.

As the result of the trial trip probably few changes will be recommended and made, and the work of completing the vessel will be carried on while she is in the navy yard. Her electrical steering apparatus is not completed, and there is still some work to be done on the steam steering-gear.



GENERAL MANIGAT.

CHICAGO'S YOUNG MILLIONAIRE.

HOW ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST YOUNG MEN IN THE WORLD WORKS AT HIS DESK LIKE A CLERK AND ENJOYS IT.

NO one will question that the best business woman in the United States is Mrs. Hetty Green, of New York City—perhaps I might also say of Chicago, for her interests are largely divided between the West and the East, and she divides her time between the great metropolitan cities which represent these two divisions of the United States. She comes of the best Quaker stock, having been a daughter of Edward Mott Robinson, of New York City, who left \$9,000,000 at his death, the accumulation of a successful career in the business which he carried on, with headquarters at New Bedford, Mass. He was also engaged in the clipper shipping business at San Francisco.

Her husband, who still lives, is a gentleman of the old school. His grandmother was a sister of Sir Edward Belcher, and sister-in-law of Captain Marryat, the celebrated novelist. When Mr. Green, Sr., was a young man he did business very successfully in the Philippine Islands, and was largely engaged in importing hemp, fruits, nuts, etc., to this country and Great Britain. He met the present Mrs. Green in New York City. After their marriage they moved to London, where E. H. R. Green was born at the Langham Hotel, August 22d, 1868. In 1872 the family returned to New York, and the son—concerning whom I shall more particularly speak—was educated in that city, and also at Bellows Falls, Vt., and subsequently spent a short time at Fordham College.

He then gave his attention to law, studying particularly the branches relating to real property. Thereafter he aided his mother largely in the management of her enormous estate. His mother, on the death of her father, inherited property valued at \$9,000,000. So skillfully has Mrs. Green managed her estate, with the assistance of her devoted son, that it has now risen to an estimated value of over \$50,000,000.

A glance at the young man as he sits in his unpretentious office on the eleventh floor of the Owings building of Chicago shows a quiet, earnest face, with an expansive brow, a mouth denoting determination and spirit, and bright, alert eyes denoting quick perception. "Ned," as he is commonly called, although but little over twenty-three years old, might pass for a man of thirty. He is six feet tall, symmetrical in form, weighs about two hundred pounds, is graceful in his carriage, erect and well-proportioned. From early until late he is found at his desk diligently managing business affairs, making or refusing loans, examining business projects that are submitted to him in countless numbers, and disposing of a multitude of cares that always come to the wealthy.

The pigeon-holes of his desk are full of letters, envelopes, and scraps of paper, all representing matters of vital interest to him and his mother. The affection that exists between the son and his mother is notably sincere. She has her favorite arm-chair in his office, and they find much pleasure in their companionship when discussing business affairs. She directs and suggests, and leaves the labor of calculating, making valuations, placing loans, and keeping account of the estates to her son.

Any one who thinks it is an easy job to take care of an estate of from \$25,000,000 to \$50,000,000 would not think so if he were to stop and try to realize what the custody of such large property interests involves. Mr. Green's possessions in Chicago were recently reported to include the Howland block on the southwest corner of Dearborn and

City. Mr. Green has money invested in railroad stocks, some of which pay good dividends and some of which do not. On his list of dividends for last month appear the Louisville and Nashville, Connecticut River, Central Vermont, Rock Island, Pullman, Fitchburg, Lake Shore, Boston and Albany, New York, New Haven and Hartford, Central Railway of Georgia, and Chicago and Northwestern. Not all of the millions, however, are in railroads, for large sums are being increased every day by cotton-cloth mills in New Bedford.

So careful is Mr. Green in all his business matters that there is not a parcel of land, however small, under his control with which he is not thoroughly familiar. For a rich young man he is wonderfully devoted to his business. He and his mother have entered into the best society to a certain extent, but their preferences lead them more to business matters than to social affairs, and neither is very often found enjoying the pleasures of the ball-room. At the clubs and theatres young Mr. Green is recognized as a keen, intelligent, and companionable young man. He has a natural drift toward dramatic matters, as a critic is artistic, and possesses histrionic talent of no little merit.

Bright, intelligent, and heir to an enormous estate, it is not surprising that many marriageable daughters have looked upon him with favor both in New York and Chicago. It is said that since his large wealth and bachelorhood became public through comments that the newspapers have made from time to time, nearly every mail Mr. Green receives is full of letters, not only begging for his possessions, but also for his heart and hand. It is safe to say that the young lady who does capture this young man will have made a conquest of which she will have reason to be proud; but thus far he is heart-whole and fancy-free. The picture of Mr. Green presented in this issue is a very correct likeness.

OUR FOREIGN PICTURES.

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the efforts which are making in some quarters to belittle the extent of the famine in Russia, the most authentic accounts leave little room for doubt that all the central and southeastern provinces of the empire, where the harvest crops have failed, are suffering greatly for the want of food. Late advices show that the sum of 65,000,000 roubles has already been appropriated by the imperial treasury for the purpose of providing the absolute necessities of life to be distributed among the suffering poor. All of this money has been expended, in addition to the large sums spent through the Central Famine Committee and through private individuals; yet the wants of the distressed peasants have been supplied to only a limited extent. The imperial treasury has now assigned a further sum of 65,000,000 roubles, which will be devoted to relief work. There is hardly any doubt that further and larger sums will soon be necessary to tide the people over the long winter season, and the Government will probably be compelled to support the inhabitants of the famine-stricken provinces through the summer as well. An article by Count Tolstoy on the subject of the famine says that the reproaches against the Russian Government and its official representatives are exaggerated, and that the charges of apathy are, in many cases, unfounded. "All," he says, "are doing their best to stave off the impending calamity. If results are meagre, it is less from lack of good will than from the condition of the relations subsisting between the sufferers and the succored." In some parts of the suffering district it has been alleged that the peasants are hiding private stores of grain, and in some cases officers with detachments of troops are sent to the villages for the purpose of searching the houses of those who are suspected of this practice. An instance of this character is shown in our picture, which is reproduced from the London *Illustrated News*.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

We give elsewhere a picture illustrative of a scene which is of quite common occurrence on India-bound steamers through the Suez Canal, being an entertainment by a native conjurer, who is evidently master of his business. A writer in the London *Graphic* undertakes to show that the popular conviction as to the superiority of Oriental conjurers is unfounded, alleging that while the Indian juggler is a far more romantic personage than the so-called magicians who delight English and American audiences, the latter is in every respect the more expert and dexterous. The *Graphic* writer, who goes into details in support of this statement, makes out a good case. At the same time travelers in the Orient will continue to find delight in the entertainment which these Indian conjurers afford.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL IN AFRICA.

The experiences of Lord Randolph Churchill in South Africa continue to engage the attention of British journals, which devote columns to the description of his exploits. He seems to have entered most heartily into the hunting sports of that region, apparently forgetting entirely the political ambitions which at one time dominated him. In his letters to the *Graphic*, from which we reproduce an illustration, he describes his experience in Mashonaland, where he engaged in ostrich-hunting, but without much success. He seems to have fared better in his pursuit of antelopes and other four-footed game. Lord Randolph inquired carefully into the mineral resources of South Africa, and alleges that the value of the gold district has been exaggerated. He raises a question as to what is to be done with the country, agriculture on a large scale, cattle-ranching and sheep-farming being practically out of the question, while the climate is adverse to colonizing and settlement by small immigrants. His account is likely to change the popular belief as to the resources of that part of Africa to which he has confined his explorations. Lord Randolph reached London on the 9th inst. in excellent health and spirits.

PLUG HANKINS'S LUCK.

BY THOMAS WINTHROP HALL.

MR. PLUG HANKINS was beyond a doubt the most phenomenally unlucky man who ever made a living out of cards. How he managed to make the living not even his most intimate colleagues in the black-leg profession could tell. To be sure he sometimes won, but he could not keep his winnings in his pocket for twenty-four hours at a time. He always returned to the table to lose them. Just as surely as Fortune kissed his homely face one day she would turn round and slap it for the next four or five. Then Plug would have to resort to the disagreeable shift of borrowing from his luckier brothers, and he did this so often that there were very few indeed of the pale-faced, white-handed gentlemen of fortune, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, who did not have Plug Hankins on their books for sums varying from one to one hundred dollars. Another singular feature of the case was the fact that scientifically he was one of the best card-players who ever sat before a green table. More than that, he was cool and brave. He never spoke of his losses, and never exulted over his winnings if he happened to make any. He was sober and free from nearly every vice save the passionate desire to gamble that had ruled his life from boyhood. Other men made fortunes and lost them every month, but Plug Hankins was always, to use the phraseology of the sporting man, "broke." In time his wretched luck became a jest among his fellow-gamblers. They often laughed at him openly, but Plug himself had never been known to laugh. It was all dead earnest to him—the only profession he knew, and he must make his living out of it or—

Besides his ill-fortune and his pluck poor Plug was noted among his brethren for one other characteristic. He was as phenomenally homely as he was unlucky. The gambler's pallor of his face, the drooping eyelids, the short hair, the sunken cheek, and great ill-turned ears made him look almost corpse-like. And then there was a long scar under his left eye where he had been slashed by a knife on one of the few occasions when he had won. This, too, was a standing jest. But Plug bore it very meekly.

There were many who predicted that some day Plug would make a winning that would startle them all. It was supposed that Plug himself looked forward to some such event to compensate him for his fifteen or twenty years of patience. But the good luck never came, and as ill-fortune was piled upon ill-fortune Plug's patience began finally to break down, and his natural moroseness became almost mania. The fact was noticed by the rest of them, but they are not tender-hearted men, as a rule, and they only made their jests at his expense the louder and more frequent. More than that, though, his fellow-gamblers began to be very chary about lending him money. In fact, as a rule they had begun to decline in no very polite manner, and some even went so far as to advise him to quit the business and get a job somewhere digging dirt.

It was in a frame of mind born of such treatment at the hands of men who had previously been more than kind to him that Plug stood one midnight on the curb at the corner of Twenty—Street and Broadway. It was the first midnight in many a year that Plug had not been seated before a dirty green table waiting for the luck that was to make all things right, and meantime losing what little money he could manage by hook or crook to get hold of. With his hands thrust into his great pockets and his hat pulled well down over his eyes, he looked the very picture of dejection as he gazed at the gutter under his feet. Even the policeman on the beat had to smile when he saw him, and walked by with the mental ejaculation, "Busted!" Indeed he was "busted." He had gone without his meals all that day and the day before in order that he might stake the money at faro. He had asked every one he knew to lend him money and had been refused, and he hadn't a cent. He had looked forward to this climax of ill-fortune for a good many years. It was a long time coming, though, and Plug had almost begun to believe that it never would come, when, behold, here it was!

When he had first thought of the possibility of his present position Plug had grimly resolved that when that time came he would quietly and with the nerve becoming a gambler put himself out of this miserable world; but now that the time had really come at last, he hesitated. His hesitation was not born of fear, however. Plug did not know what fear was. It was merely the strength of the ruling passion that is said to be so strong in death. He was merely revolving in his mind a problem. The problem was a simple one. In his hip pocket he carried the only bit of personal property he had not as yet pawned. It was a pretty little silver-mounted revolver that a girl had given him years before in the West. He had always promised himself that if the day should ever come it would be this souvenir of his only romance that should do the business. But now he found that he was tempted to pawn the revolver, try his luck once more, and then, if he lost—well, the river was quite handy. The problem was never solved, however, for Plug was roused, presently, from his meditations by the happy voice of a child singing in a high key a silly but popular song. He looked around, almost wondering how even a child could be so free from care as to sing, and he observed a little girl crossing the street toward him, swinging a tin pail in one hand and tripping an impromptu dance-step to the song she was singing. "Humph!" thought Plug, "rushing the growler for some beastly father or mother. That's what's the matter with the world. That's what's been the matter with me. It's bringing up. No wonder we all go to the bad." He had barely concluded the philosophical thought when the child, a rather ragged little girl, even though she did appear happy, reached the corner where he stood, turned and made for the side door of an all-night saloon a few doors away. She did not even glance at him, but tripped on under the gas-light, and as she did so something fluttered from her disengaged hand. Plug's quick eyes knew that it was a dollar bill, even before it reached the ground, and with an impulse that was absolutely uncontrollable he stepped quickly forward, picked it up, and was secure in the entrance to a gambling-den before the child had opened the door of the saloon.

The time had been when he would have felt disgusted with himself for the act. But that time had long passed. It had gone with his old bravado and his old ideas about gamblers' honor—



MR. EDWIN H. R. GREEN.

Monroe streets, which was a part of the Green estate and was valued twenty-five years ago at \$110,000; to-day it is worth about \$600,000. He owns half the fee, besides, in the Miller block on Wabash Avenue, the Gower block on Monroe Street and Fifth Avenue, the Reed block on Wabash Avenue north of Washington Street, and big tracts of land lying in and around the city. In the first place, there is section 21 in the town of Cicero, which has become famous on account of the litigation over it with the Grant Locomotive Works people, who claim to have purchased it of the guardian for \$600,000, but which Mrs. Hetty Green says has not been sold for any such sum, as it is worth nearer \$1,000,000. Mr. Green and his sister own the fee of this or the money it was sold for, also section 20 in the town of Lake, section 13 in the same township, half of section 24, forty acres at Sixty-third and Loomis streets, forty acres at Sixty-ninth and Halsted streets, several entire blocks in Hyde Park, and numberless small pieces all over the South Side. What has been characteristic of Mrs. Green as much as anything else is her fondness for first mortgages on Michigan Avenue corners, and she owns a number of them, all of which will pass into the hands of her son some of these days. The greater part of the estate, now being managed by trustees, lies in the centre of New York

it had gone with his youth and his remembrance of his mother and with his capability of feeling shame. He rushed up the stairs, burst into the smoke-filled room, and even before he thought placed the bill on the "high card." It won. The dealer laughed good-naturedly. An acquaintance cried out, jokingly, "Good boy, Plug." Another asked him where he had borrowed the money, and then there was a general laugh at his expense. He did not mind it. Perhaps he did not hear it. He looked stolidly at his bet and left it on the "high card." Again it won and now it amounted to four dollars. Again the dealer laughed and so did the rest. There are strange things about luck. Any gambler will tell you so. The "high card" won six times in succession, and Plug's stolen dollar bill now amounted to the respectable sum of sixty-four dollars. The crowd ceased laughing. The dealer, out of pure charity, asked Plug if he wanted to let the bet stand. Plug had been playing such a small game for so long a time that the dealer hardly believed he had sufficient nerve left to take such a risk. He received no answer, however, and as silence gives consent in a gambling-room

pile of money and turned from the table. The dealer swore. The proprietor of the house, who had been watching the play, called out, "You ain't afraid, are you?" but Plug paid no attention to him.

The deal went on, and in Plug's mind there continued some thoughts the like of which had not troubled him for many a year. He walked slowly up and down the room several times, paying no attention to the remarks of the men who knew him, and who were either congratulating him on his extraordinary luck or joking good naturedly about it. And none of them heard him mutter, as he did several times, "Stolen—stolen—stolen!" Presently he walked to a window and threw it open. He leaned out and looked down into the street. The ragged little girl was standing under the street-lamp, just where she had dropped the bill, sobbing with great hysterical sobs. She was wringing her hands just as an old woman would, and in the strange light looked like a diminutive old hag. He heard her cry out, "They'll beat me—O Lord, they'll beat me!" His ugly lips quivered a little bit and a great tear fell from his eyes. He waited a moment,

explosion took place. Six men who had already been hoisted in the cage had just stepped on the platform on the side of the shaft, when a terrific detonation was heard, which shook all the neighboring country so violently that people in the surrounding mining towns thought an earthquake was rocking the ground. The cage was blown through the roof of the tower and one hundred feet in the air, and a tongue of flame shot up the shaft and above the ground fully one hundred feet. The men already above ground were prostrated by the force of the explosion, but did not receive severe injuries. A large number of the miners were able to make their way out of the tomb, ascending the shaft, many of them terribly burned and otherwise injured, but nearly one-third of the three hundred and thirty-five laborers that had been working in the mine on that day were entombed in the bowels of the earth, great bowlders blocking their way to the shaft. Up to this writing about sixty dead bodies have been recovered, one hundred and thirty-seven men escaped by way of a shaft now used as a ventilating shaft, and one hundred and eight were rescued from the main shaft in a critical condition.



THE RECENT TERRIBLE DISASTER IN THE OSAGE MINES AT KREBS, INDIAN TERRITORY, BY WHICH SEVENTY-FIVE PERSONS WERE KILLED AND ONE HUNDRED INJURED—SEARCHING FOR THE BODIES OF VICTIMS.

he proceeded to draw the cards. Again the "high card" won. It was one hundred and twenty-eight dollars now that Plug had on the table. An irreverent youth burst out laughing and said: "Plug's luck must have turned at last." But Plug was still silent. The next turn made his original dollar two hundred and fifty-six dollars. The "high card" had won eight times in succession. It was becoming so interesting that the other players forgot to make their bets until sharply reminded to do so by the dealer. Even he was a little nervous as he drew the next two cards. He muttered something under his breath, too, when he saw that Plug's money had doubled again. "Great guns!" said the irreverent youth, who had been figuring for a minute with his pencil, "he's won five hundred and twelve dollars." The dealer was in a hurry now. He was afraid that Plug would wake up to a realization of his phenomenal luck and depart with his winnings before the house could get a chance to win them back. He drew the two cards quickly. Plug had won again. "One thousand and twenty-four dollars," exclaimed the youth with the pencil. "Only one thousand dollars," replied the dealer, gruffly; "the limit is five hundred dollars." Still Plug was silent. A gambler near him touched him on the sleeve and said: "Wake up, old man. You've won the limit. What are you going to do with it?" "Won what?" asked Plug, almost dreamily.

"Won a thousand dollars—are you asleep?"

Plug did not answer. He reached over and picked up the

then drew down the window very gently and walked out of the room.

"The high card's still in the deck, Plug," shouted the dealer. But he did not hear the words. He was talking to himself. "I've played it through from soda to hock, and it's no good—no good."

The child was still weeping under the lamp when he reached it. He said nothing to her. He clasped her in his arms, though, and kissed her. Then he gave her a great roll of bills. It seemed to her as though it was all the money in the world, there was so much of it, and she ran quickly home with it—even forgetting to thank him for it, if she knew how. He did not mind that, though. He was thinking of a worthless life and the end of it.

When his body was discovered, the next morning, he looked uglier and more repulsive than ever, for a bullet had torn a terrible hole in his forehead.

A MINING DISASTER

A TERRIBLE mining disaster, attended by great loss of life, occurred on Thursday, January 7th, in Osage mine, at Krebs, near the town of McAllister in the Indian Territory. About five o'clock in the afternoon, the hour when the day-miners having stopped work were preparing to ascend the shaft, an

The exact cause of the catastrophe is unknown, but it is supposed that, contrary to the custom and the rules of the mines, some miner had fired a blast without warning or authority, the blast igniting either the accumulated gas or coal dust, thus causing the disastrous explosion.

ANTIQUITY.

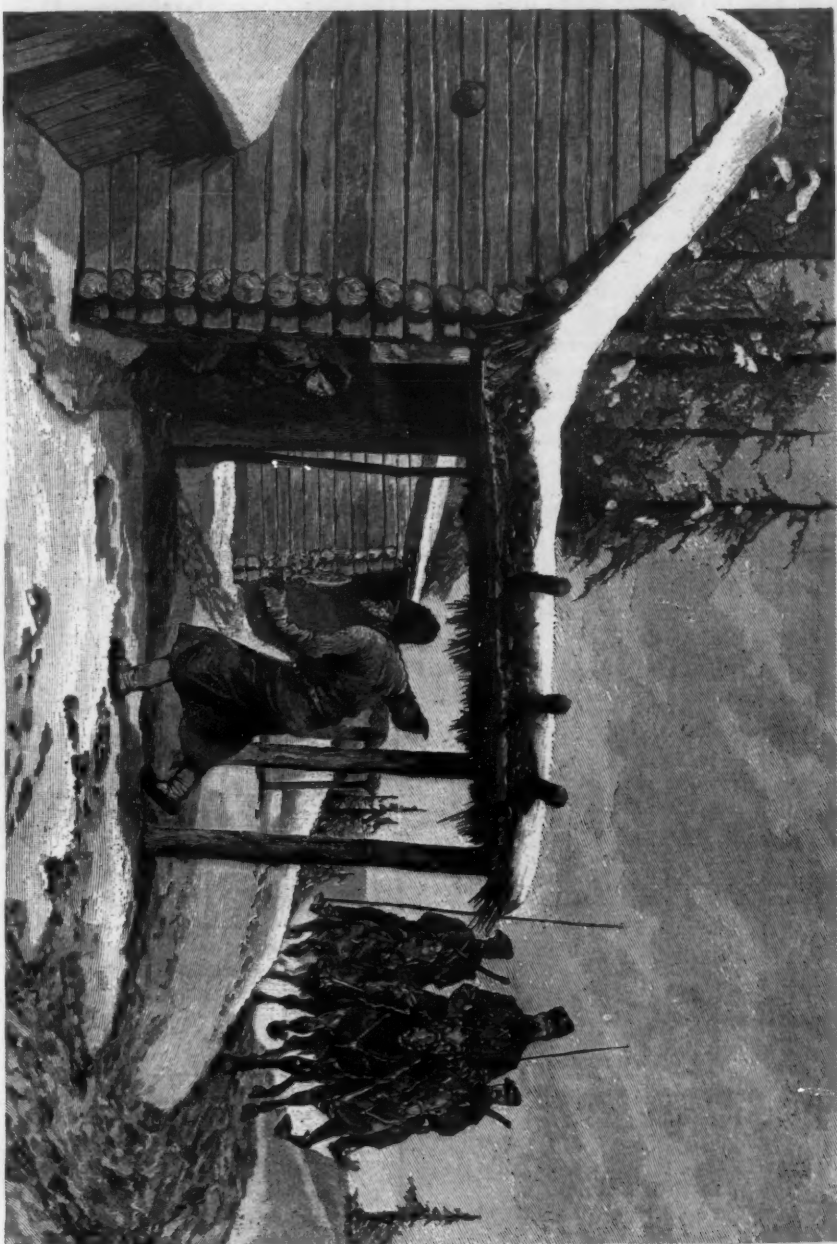
Why art thou sad, O soul?

I sit beside the ruins of the past;
I watch the crumbling atoms as they fall
And feel that I am old. The stars are young;
The cataracts are infants, and they leap
With joy that comes of youth and powers new-born;
But I was I before the *Fiat Lux*
Was breathed upon the earth,—before she swooned
Beneath the first embraces of the sun.

Why art thou glad, O soul?

That I am I. I feel the grasses of a thousand graves wave over me,
and hear
The ocean surge around my thousand beds;
Each planet holds my dust, and every flower
I hold most dear has slumbered at my breast.
The East is mine, and every temple bears
The imprint of my thought, and carries down
The echo of my footstep as it falls;
The past is mine, eternity is mine,
The universe is mine, and mine is love.

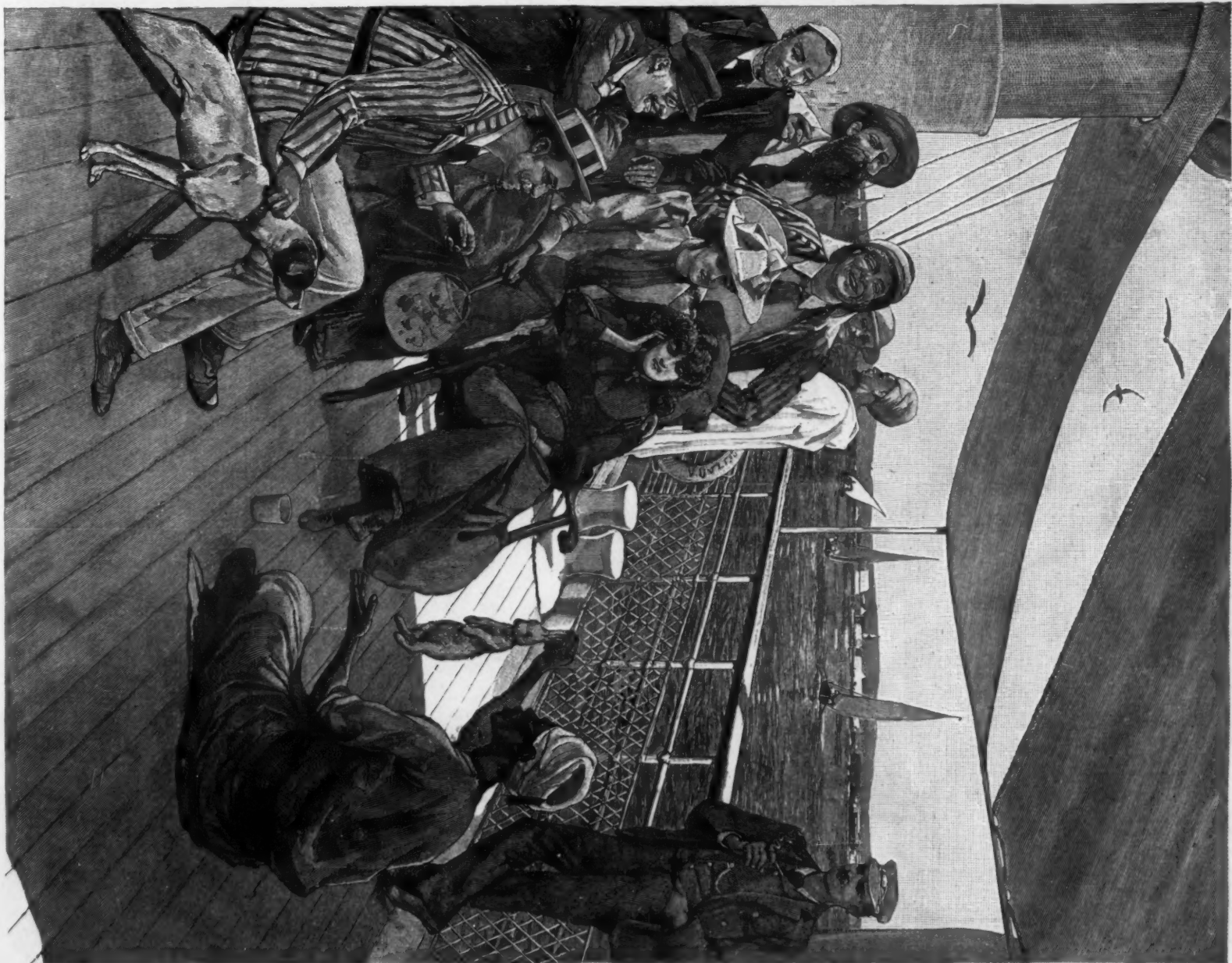
KATHERINE GROSVENOR.



THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.—SEARCHING VILLAGES FOR CONCEALED STORES AND STOLEN GRAIN.



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL HUNTING OSTRICHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.



A NATIVE CONDUCTOR'S ENTERTAINMENT AT SUEZ ON BOARD AN INDIAN STEAMER.

SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[See Page 437.]

FUN.

A KANSAS newspaper declares that a man can be a gentleman in that State on \$16 a month. But the opinion of an editor on a question involving so large a sum as \$16 may be biased.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

FATHER—"Well, Tommy, how do you think you will like this little fellow for a brother?" Tommy (inspecting the new infant somewhat doubtfully)—"Have we got to keep him, papa, or is he only a sample?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

It is natural for a fellow to boil with rage when he gets fired.—*Binghamton Republican.*

RUM is an enemy, but it does not follow that it should be "turned down."—*Lowell Courier.*

A NOTABLE new departure is made by that enterprising journal, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, which appears this week with a handsome picture in colors on the first page. It is a full-page illustration entitled "The Race on the Plains," and is a spirited showing of cow-boy life. It is breezy with wild Western vigor, and a pleasing addition to the artistic black-and-white portrayals of current events furnished each week by LESLIE'S.—*Troy Daily Times.*

HAVE a bottle of Salvation Oil always on hand; it may save you infinite pain. 25 cents. Don't forget to take a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup with you to Florida this winter.

"THE Best Fifty Books of the Greatest Authors," edited by Benjamin R. Davenport, and published by the Nineteenth Century Book Concern of Buffalo, is one of the most useful publications that has come to hand in a long time. As its name implies, it is a condensation of the best thoughts of the leading authors, ancient and modern, and is worthy a place in any library. It is bound in various styles to suit the different tastes, and makes a handsome table book.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 230 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE name of Sohmer & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

COUGHS AND COLDS.—Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple and effective remedy. They contain nothing injurious, and may be used at all times with perfect safety.

POZZONI'S Complexion Powder is universally known and everywhere esteemed as the only powder that will improve the complexion, eradicate tan, freckles, and all skin diseases.

USE Angostura Bitters to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order.

Brown's Household Panacea, "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Consumption carries off many of its victims needlessly. It can be stopped sometimes; sometimes it cannot.

It is as cruel to raise false hopes as it is weak to yield to false fears.

There is a way to help within the reach of most who are threatened—CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

Let us send you a book on the subject; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 133 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. 31.

What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczemas, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of acrid humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unfailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. 25c. "All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

ACHING SIDES AND BACK, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster.

GRECIAN MAIDENS

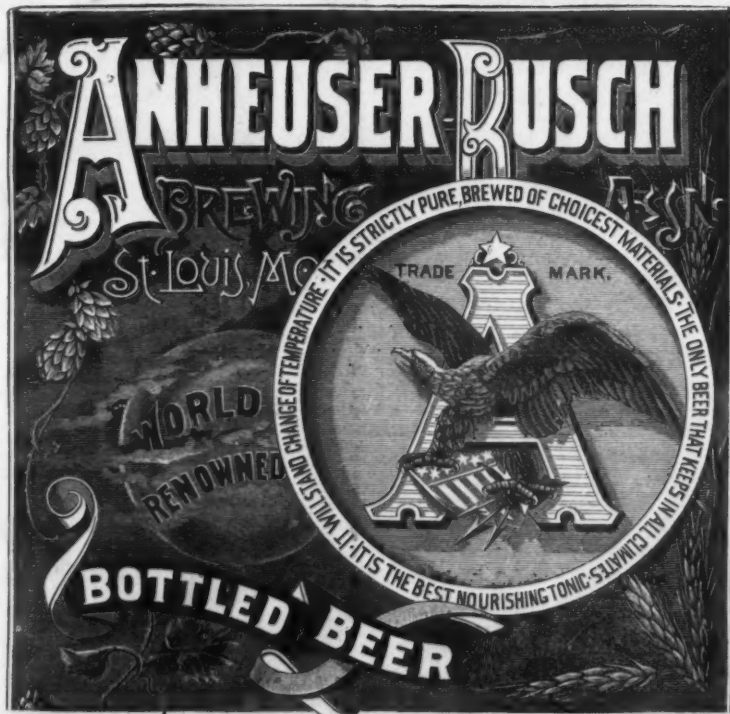
IT is well known in history that the PEERLESS BEAUTY of Grecian maidens was owing to their knowledge of certain HARMLESS INGREDIENTS which they used at the bath. In our day, young ladies find the same BEAUTIFYING PRINCIPLES combined in

Constantine's
Persian Healing
Pine Tar Soap.

The HEALTHFUL PROPERTIES of this EXTRAORDINARY PURIFYING AGENT are UNLIMITED, but are more particularly noticeable in their beautifying effects upon the HAIR, COMPLEXION AND TEETH. These CHARMS OF FEMALE LOVELINESS are enhanced, and THEIR POSSESSION ASSURED, to every young lady who uses this

Great Original Pine Tar Soap.

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IRRESISTIBLY BEAUTIFUL,
TRY IT!
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.



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No Corn or Corn Preparations are used in the manufacture of the ANHEUSER-BUSCH BEER. It is, therefore, the highest priced but the most wholesome and really the least expensive for its superior quality.

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A Reliable Remedy for all Pulmonary Diseases, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, and General Debility. It is easy to take, does not produce Nausea, and is easily assimilated.

Ask your Druggist for it, and take no other.

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LAWRENCE, MASS.; TORONTO, CANADA.

PROPOSALS FOR SALE OF BONDS.

\$150,000, 6 Per Cent. 20 Years, County of Missoula, State of Montana.

OFFICE OF COUNTY CLERK, DECEMBER 12TH, 1891.
By order of the Board of County Commissioners of Missoula County, Montana, met in regular session on the 8th day of December, 1891, sealed bids will be received by the undersigned for the purchase of Missoula County bonds to the amount of \$150,000. Said bonds to bear interest at the rate of six per centum per annum, payable semi-annually on the first days of July and January of each year, to bear date March 1st, 1892, and to be redeemable and payable in twenty years after date; to be issued in denominations of not less than \$1,000, and to be sold at not less than par value.

These bonds are to be issued for the purpose of funding the present floating indebtedness of the county.

The population of Missoula County is 16,000. Assessed valuation, \$9,000,000. Rate of tax limited to 29 mills.

The bonded indebtedness of the county, exclusive of this issue, is \$139,750; amount of floating indebtedness, \$172,171.31; present total debt, \$304,921.31.

Bids will be received up to the 23rd day of February, 1892, 2 P.M.

A certified cheque, payable to the order of County Clerk, for the amount of \$2,500 must accompany each bid as an evidence of good faith, said amount to be forfeited by the successful bidder on the event of refusal to take bond.

The Board reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

D. D. BOGART, County Clerk.

MISSOULA, MONTANA.
Dated at Missoula, Montana, December 12th, 1891.

THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.'S
DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME,
CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.
Sold everywhere, in Crown stoppered bottles only.

8 Per Cent. Net to both large and small investors. Investigate our investment Share Certificates. Ten per cent. down, 8 per cent. per month buys Italian Prune Farms. CROPS AND BANKS NEVER FAIL IN OREGON. Send for our new Prospectus. FARM TRUST AND LOAN CO., Portland, Ore.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. No purge. No salve. No suppository. REMEDY MAILED FREE. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

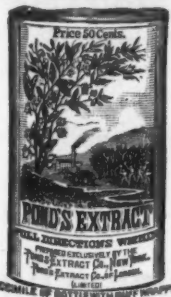
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Mrs. Alice Maple, Oregon, Mo., writes: "My weight was 320 pounds, now it is 195, a reduction of 125 lbs." For circulars address, with 6c., Dr. O.W.F. SNYDER, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

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WE WANT NAME OF EVERY ASTHMATIC. Examination free by mail.
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GILBERT'S Dress Linings.
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POLITICIANS may not all be lawyers, and yet they have a fondness for the bar.—*Boston Post.*

HORSE sense is a pretty good thing to have at times. It teaches a fellow to say neigh.—*Washington Hatchet.*

A WESTERN lecturer has selected for his subject "A Bad Egg." This subject often strikes a lecturer unfavorably.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Why do you go to a concert if you don't care for music?" "To amuse myself. You have no idea how happy I feel when it's over."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

PROFESSOR GREATMIND—"Have you ever reflected on the mysterious wonders of electricity?" *Sweet Girl*—"Indeed I have, and I don't know yet why my bangs come out of curl during a thunder-storm."—*Good News.*

GOVERNOR FLOWER informs the New York legislators that he approaches them with a certain sense of diffidence. So different from David—his immediate predecessor.—*Chicago In'er-Ocean.*

It wasn't enough Uncle Sam should have trouble with his foreign relations, but here come annoyances from some of his Mexican borders.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE man who marries an heiress starts right in with a golden wedding.—*Washington Star.*

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BEECHAM'S PILLS
A Wonderful Medicine for Indigestion, Want of Appetite, Fullness after Meals, Vomiting, Sickness of the Stomach, Bilious or Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Lowness of Spirits, and All Nervous Affections.
To cure these complaints we must remove the cause. The principal cause is generally to be found in the stomach and liver; but these two organs right and all will be well. From two to four Pills twice a day for a short time will remove the evil, and restore the sufferer to sound and lasting health.
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 365 Canal St. 31

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 "Blimesh, love, don't commit perjury. It's only the bay-rhum on my head."

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from which the excess of oil has been removed, is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

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